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YESTERDAY.

BY M. ROCK.

Yesterday mine ears were ringing
To the sudden raptured singing
Of the birds, their glad way winging
Through the scented larch woods gay,
And the flow'rs were brightly glowing
'Neath the sunbeams coming, going,
And a fresh sea-breeze was blowing
O'er us twain but yesterday.

Sunlight fair no longer rushes
O'er the hills and glens and bushes,
And the blackbirds' and the thrushes'
Songs are far less glad to-day;
There's no rippling shine and shimmer
On the meadows, and the glimmer
On the crested waves is dimmer—
Just because you're far away!

A WIFE'S PERIL

—OR—

THE PRICE OF HER SECRET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," ETC.

CHAPTER XXX.

A STRUGGLE WITH CONSCIENCE.

THE sunny morning had given place to the bright, languid afternoon, and that again had faded into the superb June evening, and Alice Kent was just beginning to wake to realities. Her answer to her lover's prayer was "Yes," and she had thought to herself there never was such a lover, and there never was such a prayer.

She had answered "Yes," and he had kissed her hands, her eyelids, and her sweet lips; he had expressed his thanks to her in loving words, such as made sweetest music to her ear, and she had been, during the hours that followed, in a trance of happiness, everything on earth forgotten except that she loved him. Honor and conscience were still sleeping. She forgot to think of herself as she was, and remembered only that she was unutterably happy, because the man she loved loved her. No wonder that she was radiantly happy; no wonder that she forgot everything else and remembered only her love, for many hours—and then the reaction came.

He was giving her the heart, the love, the life of an honorable man—he was giving herself everything he had in the world, including a most honorable name, and—she?

It struck her all at once, and with the force of a most terrible blow.

Who was she, that the great prize of an honorable and devoted love should be hers? Then, slowly as a languid tide rolls on, there came over her wave after wave of black and bitter memories. She raised her hands with a bitter cry, with a despairing gesture, as though she would fain beat them back; but they crowded on her and overwhelmed her. Who was she, that should bring her blighted, dishonored life to him? Who was she, that she should stand by his side and show herself to the world as his wife? Who was she, that she should give a heart that had been scared and made desolate, in return for his?

Great Heaven! What would he say if he knew the truth? Instead of loving her, caring for her, and wanting to make her his wife, he would despise and condemn her; he would not look upon her with patience, he would not speak to her, he would not even tolerate the mention of her name.

Was she, who had lain in a prison cell, worthy that his arms should clasp her and hold her to his breast? Was she, who had stood in the felon's dock, worthy to rule over his ancient house and his great wealth? Was she, who had been under the very shadow of the scaffold, worthy to stand by his side and share his honors? Ah, no; a thousand times no!

She was in her own room when this sudden and terrible awakening came to her—this shock which seemed almost to part her soul from her body.

She flung herself with her face on the ground; her anguish was beyond words. She was face to face with the great temptation, the great trial, the great risk of her life! She ought—so honor and conscience told her—to tell him the whole truth. She ought not to take shame and dishonor as her dowry to him who trusted her so nobly; she ought to go to him and tell him the perfect, complete, and most terrible truth—then await his judgment.

But if she told him that she was the notorious Hester Blair, he would never look upon her face again; the darkness of night and the chill of death would come back to her; and after this gleam of brightness and beauty she could not go back to the old life. Words that had long been familiar to her came back to her.

"Death is a terrible thing," says one of Shakespeare's finest characters; and the answer is "Yes, but a shamed life is hateful."

Hateful in every deed, yet what could hers be in the eyes of a man but a stained life; the stain of murder, the stain of that deep red hand with which her husband's words had mocked her, the stain of the cell and the dock, the shame of standing before all those curious eyes, what stain could be deeper and darker than these? How could she bring to the fairness of his fame such stains as these?

He, so noble by nature and by estate, to marry a woman accused of poisoning her husband! He, of high and noble lineage to marry a woman whose name was notorious wherever the English language was spoken—Hester Blair!

Hester Blair, the poisoner, the murderess, the Jezebel, whose crime was said to have drawn down the vengeance of Heaven on the ship in which she sailed.

"Leopold, Earl of Arden, and Hester Blair." What a mockery!

She said to herself that it could never be; he should not be dishonored by any association with her. She must give up this the only gleam of light or love that had ever come near her. She could not repay him with treachery, he who had stooped from his high estate to place her by his side; she could not repay his generous and noble trust in her by such black ingratitude.

While she lived, and she prayed to Heaven in that hour her life might not be long, she should always have this bright and beautiful memory—the only one—she could never lose it.

She could say with Thecla: "I have tasted the highest earthly bliss, I have loved and have been loved."

She must go away from there; she must live no longer in the lap of luxury, it was not fitting for her; she would go back to England and hide herself in some unknown village; she would say good-bye to this beautiful dream of hers—so much too beautiful to be lasting or possible.

She must do it, even if she died in the struggle.

"How could I live with him?" she said. "How could I look in his face? How could I listen to his voice, share his life, and know all the time that I was a living lie? I pray Heaven to give me the strength to do what is my duty."

A rap at the door, and one of the maids handed her a small packet; it had been sent to her by Lord Arden. She opened it with pallid face and trembling fingers.

It contained a magnificent diamond ring, and on a slip of paper was written, "Symbol of our love, which will never end." She kissed it. She took it from its velvet bed, and placed it on her finger; the tie that bound her to him. Then her whole soul rose up in hot reaction; why should she wrench from her life all that made it bright and beautiful? Why should she condemn herself to unutterable misery? Because men had been unjust to her; because they had falsely accused her, and had hurled hard words at her; because a most unfortunate combination of circumstances had pointed out that she was guilty; because a dying man had accused her of murder, must she forego all the happiness, the brightness and comfort of the love he offered her?

She cried out to Heaven; had she not suffered enough? had she had not been punished enough? Why should all the brightness, the beauty, the hope, the light, and the gladness of life be denied to her because men had falsely accused her? "I am a victim," she cried to herself; "not a sinner, but a victim! I have done no wrong, yet look how the world has treated me. I am as innocent of all harm or wrong-doing as I was when I was a child! Why, because the world has punished me unjustly, should I punish myself? If I throw away the last gleam of happiness which can ever come to me, I, in a measure, proclaim myself guilty by acknowledging that I am unworthy of it. I will prove to myself that I am innocent in the eyes of Heaven, innocent in my own eyes, that I am an innocent and injured woman by this, that I will marry him."

And she kept her word.

CHAPTER XXXI.

ARDEN TOWERS.

Arden Towers combined in itself every beauty of nature and art. Nature had certainly done her best, for the grand old mansion is built on the slope of a hill that runs down to the sea. From every window of the vast edifice there is a superb gleam of the lovely blue sea. On one side stretches out a huge pine forest. At the back of the house, forming a beautiful background, stand the cool, green woods of Arden; a rippling, singing river runs through the grounds to the sea.

The house faces the south, so that the sun shines on it all day long. At the first glimpse it seems to be covered—almost lost—in flowers. Even the tall towers, from which the name was derived, were covered with a thick green ivy, which was a beauty, a marvel, and a poem in itself.

The great iron balconies which stood outside the windows were filled with flowers—they grow in such luxuriance on that fair southern coast—crimson and purple passion-flowers, the lovely guelder rose, the starry jessamine, the eglantine, the wisteria. Every window had its separate flower, and most lovely they looked. Arden Towers was one of nature's favored spots—the sun seemed to be always shining, and the flowers ever in bloom. In summer the heat was tempered by the sea-breeze; in winter the cold was lessened by the beautiful aromatic fir trees. Flowers grew wild everywhere; there were hedges of rich crimson fuchsias; passion-flowers grew in the wayside. Even the white cliffs of Seafield were covered with verdure, and the waves washed the green foliage. A grand old mansion full of stories and legends.

The earldom of Arden was one of the most ancient in England, and it had never been tarnished. The motto of the grand old family was "Truth with honor," and they had lived up to it. Death had been busy for many years with the Arden family; they had decreased in a manner that was almost wonderful. The time came when the Countess of Arden and her son, Leopold, were the only remaining members, and when Lady Arden died her son preferred traveling to living on his beautiful inheritance.

During all this time Arden Towers had been kept in a state of highest preservation; the magnificent conservatories, the grounds, the gardens, the park were just as their owner had left them; and now all was interest and excitement, for the earl who had been absent so long was returning and bringing with him a beautiful young wife. Good news for the tenants, the dependents, the servants; the pensioners of the old family!

There was but one shadow on the bright spirits and the light hearts, and that the housekeeper, Mrs. Lulworth, would not allow to be named; she had threatened with instant dismissal any servant who requested one word of it. She was peremptory, but do as she would it was impossible to prevent some slight whisper amongst them.

The Towers, like most old-fashioned houses, had its especial legends. There was on the western side of the house a deep dark well, the water of which was cold and bright. It was called St. John's Well, and the legend ran thus: that if a young knight, preparing for the wars, watched a whole night by the well, drank so many times of its waters, and said so many different prayers, he would return unhurt from the wars. There was a tall and beautiful white rose, said to have been planted by one who afterward earned the crown of martyrdom, and it was said that no bride who wore one of these white buds could ever be an unhappy wife.

There were marvelous things also to be seen in this ancient mansion. One was a passage, a dark irregular passage, that was lofty in some places and low in others, which was said to communicate with the sea. Some wise lord of the Towers had bricked up the passage in the middle, but the servants told of strange shrieks and cries that could be heard from the end that led to the sea. There was an old room in the eastern wing where a tyrant Lord of Arden was said to have locked up a faithless wife and starved her to death. No servant would pass that door at night.

But the most terrible legend of all was that called the "Terrace Wind," a strange and mysterious sound that was heard at times on the western terrace, and always filled the hearts of those who heard it with sickening dismay.

Woe to the noble house of Arden, woe to the grand old Towers when the sound of the terrace wind was heard! It was weird and terrible; to those who heard it for the first time it sounded as though at first a gentle wind stirred, so gentle that one could hardly hear it, a wind that would hardly stir a leaf; then it rose, but so gradually that it was impossible to say how, until it became like the roar of a mighty tempest, a wind that seemed to hold in itself the cries, the shrieks, and woe of all imprisoned souls; and listening to it one grew paralyzed with fear.

It moaned, it wailed, it cried, it raged, it pleaded, it sighed, then—just as gradually as it had grown louder—it decreased and died away. The strangest thing of all was that, while the terrace wind was blowing, everything on the terrace stood preternaturally still and solemn; not a branch moved, not a leaf stirred; if the flowers were in bloom when it came, not one of their fair heads bent; and it was this which made the whole thing so horrible.

There were people who were not super-

stitious and who did not believe in legends, who tried to account for this sound from natural causes, but the generality believed in the legend, and it ran thus: Leoline, Earl of Arden, was an elderly man when he married, sorely against her will, Madoline, the young daughter of a neighboring baron. A portrait of her hangs in the great gallery, "Madoline, Countess of Arden, wife of Leoline, fifth earl;" the portrait of a lovely, high-spirited girl, with the shadow of early death in her beautiful eyes.

There was no story of an unfaithful wife, only one of cruelty. The old Earl Leoline had soon found out that his wife did not love him. At first he had tried to overcome her dislike to him, then, when he believed that to be impossible, he ill-treated her; he swore at and cursed her. More than once he had raised his strong right hand, and had struck her, until she grew frightened, and trembled at the very sound of his voice. That annoyed him still more.

One evening they had a violent quarrel; she declared that she would throw herself into the river; he mocked and jeered and jested at her.

"I will do it!" she cried, in a passion. "I will rush into another world, and pray for vengeance on you, and I will come back whenever shame, disgrace, dishonor, sickness and death are hovering over your house! I will come to you on the wings of the wind, and you shall be compelled to hear my voice!"

She ran off to the river and drowned herself. The first time that terrible wind—which afterward became known as the Terrace Wind—was heard was just before the earl's eldest son died. Then it was heard for many days beforehand, although when it was at its loudest the leaves of the trees on the terrace did not stir; and when the news of his son's death reached him the old Earl Leoline cursed the restless spirit of his dead wife. The second time was when Earl Pomfret reigned, and his young wife expected hourly her first child.

The terrace wind rose again and raged with terrible cries. No one would tell the poor lady what it meant, but that did not save her. The first sound of it was heard at midnight, and at noon both mother and child were dead. Then people began to dread it. The third time happened when the Earl Leofric had gone out to hunt. Suddenly the Terrace Wind began to blow, to the fear and horror of the whole household and at night Earl Leofric was brought home dead.

Times without number this Terrace Wind was the forerunner of dire disaster to the house of Arden, until the inhabitants of the grand old mansion believed in it as firmly as they did in the stars of heaven.

Trouble and sorrow, sickness or death always followed; and much to the horror of the faithful servants of the Arden family the wind on the terrace had been heard again; not loud, or strong, or vehement this time, but with a mournful wail that was terrible to hear. When the frightened servants went one by one to tell the housekeeper, she refused to listen to them. She upbraided them, threatened them, declared she would dismiss them; but she could not stop the wind from blowing, nor could see put an end to their fears.

And that was the only drawback on the lovely day that was to bring the Earl and Countess of Arden home.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE "TERRACE WIND."

THE earl and countess had been to Italy for their honeymoon; a moon which Lord Arden said should shine forever, and Lady Arden enjoyed the trip.

He had taken her to all the cities of Italy; to imperial Rome, to old Verona, to beautiful Naples, to fair Venice, and Lady Arden had enjoyed it with the whole of her poetical soul. She was a different woman. The long weeks of travel, the intimate knowledge she had acquired of Italian, the constant society of one of the most refined and courtly men of the day, the intimate association with people of the highest rank and of the best breeding, had completely changed her. No one could tell now that she had been born and bred in the purple. She had been greatly admired; Lord Arden had presented her to the Italian Court, where men raved of this beautiful Englishwoman. No one enjoyed her triumphs more than the earl.

It was the end of August when they came home. Great preparations had been made for their arrival, all the tenants, the dependents, the old pensioners, the laborers on the estate, the servants who could be spared from the household, together with half the inhabitants of Seafield, went to the station to meet them.

There were flags, bands of music, triumphal arches; the word "Welcome" seemed to be everywhere; and the August sun shone above all. Every one was in the highest spirits—he was so welcome to his old home again, this great earl whom his people loved, and the beautiful lady he was bringing with him was most welcome too.

There was but one shadow, one drawback to all that brilliant festivity. The Terrace Wind was blowing—gently it is true, but with a mournful wail that depressed all who heard it. The housekeeper was almost in despair; she consulted the butler who had grown gray in the service of the Ardens, but what could he say?

"Of course, we can do nothing, Orton," she said. "I am not so foolish as to think that we can control the winds of Heaven, but I would give anything if this had not happened just now."

"So would I," sighed the old man, "for this sound never comes without bringing woe to the house of Arden."

"What can it mean?" asked Mrs. Lulworth, who, although she rated others most soundly, was one of the most superstitious of them. "Does it mean sorrow, shame, sickness, or death?"

"Who shall say?" replied the old man. "Sickness, I hope; that is the least evil. You hear how faintly it blows. I have heard many people say that it can be accounted for by quite natural means, but I have heard no sound in nature like that. Look how quiet the leaves are, yet listen."

Lady Arden's beautiful face grew pale with emotion as they drew near the magnificent house prepared for her.

"I had no idea that Arden Towers was so grand a place," she said. "Oh, Leo, do you think that I shall ever be a fitting mistress for such a home as this?"

"You are fitted to grace a throne," he cried; his voice was full of emotion, his eyes full of tears. "My darling," he cried "how can I thank Heaven that I have won you and brought you home?"

At that very time the wind was blowing on the terrace and wailing round the trees.

The carriage stopped at the great hall door, and Lord Arden stood up to make a little speech to the people. He thanked them warmly for the welcome they had given to himself and Lady Arden, and he told them how he had come to live amongst them, and that both he and the countess had resolved to spend the remainder of their lives with them.

A speech that was received with ringing cheers; and even as those cheers rose to the skies, the wind blew louder on the terrace.

The great entrance hall was lined with servants, and a murmur of admiration escaped them when that fair and radiant woman entered the hall. The earl turned to her as she stood on the threshold; little recked he of lookers-on.

"Welcome home!" he said. "Welcome, Countess of Arden!" and he kissed her fair face. Then, with kindly words, he introduced Mrs. Lulworth, the housekeeper, and Orton, the butler, to their new lady. He whispered to her—

"They were boy and girl when my father brought my mother home."

"Thank Heaven," said the housekeeper to herself, "no one hear the terrace wind blowing here."

When all the introduction that the earl thought needful had been made, he turned to Lady Arden.

"You must be tired, Alice," he said. "Would you like to go to your room and have some tea?"

"I should like that better than anything else," she replied.

"What time do we dine, Orton?" asked the earl.

"At eight, my lord," was the answer.

"Then you will have a long hour to rest in, Alice," said Lord Arden. "Mrs. Lulworth, will you take your lady to her rooms?"

Charmed with the beautiful face and queenly manner, the old housekeeper dropped her most stately courtesy.

"Your rooms, my lady, are in the west wing," she said; "they are the best and brightest in the Towers."

Preceded by the housekeeper and followed by her maid, Lady Arden went to the magnificent suite of rooms which had been prepared for her.

Then the housekeeper brought her tea with her own hands, delicate, fragrant tea, prepared in a costly little service of Sevres said once to have belonged to Marie Antionette. Lady Arden had removed her traveling attire, and the housekeeper looked in wonder as she noticed the marvelous beauty of the new countess. She must feast her eyes for a few minutes on that fairest of faces. She made some excuse to enter into conversation with Lady Arden, who was enjoying that most delicious tea.

Suddenly, just as she was raising the delicate Sevres cup to her lips my lady paused.

"What is that?" she asked, as the faint sound of a rising wind was heard, and the housekeeper's comely face grew pale. "What is that?" she repeated: "what a strange sound. Is it the wind or the sea?"

"The wind, my lady," answered the housekeeper; "it sounds strangely at times through the great pine trees, and makes strange echoes."

My lady replaced the cup on the silver tray.

"I should not have thought there would have been a storm this evening," she said; "the sun seemed so bright and warm."

"There is no storm, my lady," said the housekeeper; "it is only the echo of the wind among the pine trees."

But Lady Arden could not credit that. She rose from her seat and went to the window. She drew the rich lace hangings and looked out on the terrace. The golden sunlight lay there, and the tall green trees, with their open leaves, were still and motionless.

"It is a quiet evening," said the countess, wonderingly. Again sighing, as though an imprisoned soul longed to escape, the wind rose once more.

Fixedly and intently Lady Arden stood watching, the green leaves, then she turned to the old housekeeper with something like wonder on her beautiful face.

"That is the strangest thing I have ever seen in my life," she said. "You hear the sound of the wind—it is like the rising of a storm—yet not a leaf stirs on the trees."

The old housekeeper's face had grown quite pale with fear, but she was staunch and true; her lady should hear nothing of that ill-omened wind from her.

Then, looking beautiful as a queen in her white silk and diamonds, the Countess of Arden went to dine with her husband; and during the whole of that time she had never once remembered the Mystery of Colde Fell.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE FAIREST OF THEM ALL.

NEVER was lady so warmly welcomed as the Countess of Arden. Old friends of the Arden family, county magnates, neighbors, all the elite of the county and of all the counties round, hastened to do her homage.

There never had been so many festivities, so many balls, so many dinner-parties. One seemed to outvie the other in the splendor of entertainments, the grandeur of balls, the frequency of dinner-parties, and of each and all Lady Arden was the queen—the fairest among them. She had given herself up to the happiness of her present life; she had abandoned herself to it; she would not even look on the face of her dead past. She was Alice, Countess of Arden, mistress of Arden Towers; why should she even be called upon to remember that most miserable specter of Hester Blair?

Lord Arden had determined that the first few months of their married life should be spent at home among their own people, and they would have such a Christmas as is not often known. He was so happy himself that he longed to pour out and lavish happiness on all around him.

They would feast rich and poor, they would make the very name of Christmas a happy and gracious memory in the hearts of all those belonging to them.

"I wish," thought Lord Arden to himself, "that Alice had friends and relatives whom I could help to make happy?" but she had none, she seemed to stand alone in the world.

Then he proposed that in the month of May, when the lilacs were in bloom, and the roses began to bud, to take her to London; the Duchess of Glendoon had promised to introduce her, and he knew well that in a few days, even, she would be at the head of the world of fashion.

One fine, bright morning in September, when the late roses were in full beauty, the earl and countess were at breakfast alone; no domestic scene could have been prettier; the white lace hangings were drawn aside, the windows were wide open, the sunshine came pouring in; the wind brought with it messages from the sea and the pine woods, from the roses and the birds. The sunlight fell on the breakfast-table, with its shining silver, its delicate china, and its profusion of flowers. It fell on the proud, handsome face of the earl, and on the lovely face of his wife—on her stately, graceful figure clad in a morning robe of white silk.

"I have never seen a place," Lady Arden was saying, "that combines so perfectly all the advantages of sea and land as does Arden Towers."

"I do not think another is like it," said the earl proudly. "To my thinking, Arden stands quite alone."

"Leo," said Lady Arden, "we have lived in a whirl since we came here; we have either been out or received visitors every day; do you know that I have not been over the house yet? Adele knows more of it than I do; I could not find my way about in the western wing."

"How strange," he said.

"I want to know every nook and corner in it I am beginning to love it so well, and not only for your sake, and because it is your own, but for its beauty and antiquity; I want my heart to grow to it."

He looked delighted.

"If you can spare this morning, Alice," he said, "I will take you all over it. You will be very tired though; it will be like a long journey."

"Let us take it," she answered, laughing. "It will be very amusing to take a long journey in one's own house."

"You have no idea," said the earl, looking at her bright, beautiful face, "what a strange, romantic old place it is; there are rooms with weird stories. I shall be delighted, and we shall have a most happy morning."

He remembered her for years afterward as with a quick, graceful gesture she rose from her chair and pushed it away; standing before him tall, erect, and lovely as the fair morning itself, while silk and laces trailing on the ground—happy, eager, excited.

"Come at once, Leo," she said; "I shall not be tired, and I shall enjoy it so much."

He dreamed of her for years afterward as she looked then, her face glowing with light, and her rich draperies trailing as she walked with graceful step.

She did enjoy it. It was almost like visiting a city. She went through suite after suite of superb rooms, and they all had a story. At last they reached a broad corridor well lighted with large windows; the floor was covered with a crimson carpet, so thick and soft that not even a footstep could be heard upon it; white statues gleamed palely; costly jardinieres were there that had evidently once been the home of fragrant flowers. There was an air of magnificence about this corridor, yet it did not seem to be much used.

Lady Arden looked round in admiration.

"Why, Leo," she cried, "this is even more beautiful than the eastern wing!"

"It is a part of the house never used," said Lord Arden; and she saw a gathering gloom on his face.

"Why is that?" she asked.

"It is called 'Lady Sybilla's Corridor;' and these," he added, pointing to three locked doors, "were Lady Sybilla's rooms."

"And who," she added quickly, "was Lady Sybilla?"

"I would rather not tell you," he replied—"I would rather not speak of her."

Lady Arden looked at him in wonder.

"Why not, Leo?" she asked.

"My darling Alice, you may as well ask me why I would not have a black stain of pitch on a white lily leaf."

"I do not understand," she replied, wonderingly.

"In my eyes, my darling, you are the fairest as you are the purest of women. The story of Lady Sybilla is hardly one that I should like to tell you."

Like a lightning blast, swept over her the memory of the felon's dock and the prison cell. It was like a scorching breath of fire from a furnace, and then it was gone; it left just the sting behind. Who was she, that he should think her too pure and too good to listen to a story of human frailty?

Lord Arden unlocked one of the closed doors, and led the way into one of the most lovely little rooms imaginable. It was quite bare and unfurnished, save that it contained a picture, the face of which was turned to the wall.

"I have not been in this room," said Lord Arden, "since I was a child. This was Lady Sybilla's boudoir."

"Tell me all about her, Leo, or her name will haunt me," said Lady Arden. "May I look at the picture?"

"It is Lady Sybilla's portrait," he said, "and from the dust that has gathered upon it I do not believe that it has been touched since I turned it to the light many years

ago. Look, Alice!" he cried, "it is a beautiful face."

Lady Arden gazed with intent eyes. Most truly a beautiful face; young and fair as the face of an angel, with wonderful blue eyes and a glory of golden hair; a fresh, laughing mouth, with the most exquisite lips, and dark, straight brows.

"And this is Lady Sybilla," said Lady Arden. "Why, Leo, her eyes seem to flash out at me, and her lips to smile."

The earl's proud face darkened again.

"Do not say that, Alice!" he cried. "I should not like her to smile at you."

"She looks so young, Leo, and so innocent; she has the smile of a child."

"Innocence and she were very far apart," he replied. "I will tell you what she did, Alice; then you will understand why her husband turned her face to the wall and refused to look upon it again. I will tell you, for you ought to know the legends and the history of the house. She is very young, you see; she was young even when this portrait was taken of her. Her husband, Earl Adalbert, lived in the reign of George the Second. He was, comparatively speaking, an elderly man when he met her, and fell deeply in love with her. She was the youngest daughter of an English baron. Earl Adalbert behaved in the most honorable manner to her. She was poor, he took her without fortune; he lavished half his wealth upon her; he trusted her with infinite trust, and he loved her with infinite love. You see that she was young, and gay, and fair. He was never happy with her. She liked all that he disapproved, and she cared for nothing that was pleasing to him.

"He had not been married one year when he discovered that she had most grossly deceived him; that she had been married secretly, had had a little child, and that her first husband was not dead at the time of his marriage with her, although he had died since."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

IN THE EASTERN WING.

"EARL ADALBERT was not a hard man," Lord Arden continued. "If she had told him the truth before this marriage, he would have forgiven her and would have provided for her; even had she told him after the first husband's death, he would have forgiven her and have married her, but she left him to find it out. My experience of human nature is this—a man, or woman either, forgives a sin when it is honestly confessed, but neither man nor woman ever forgives when left to find the sin out."

He did not notice how she started, how her beautiful face flushed, then grew ghastly pale. Why should the story affect this beautiful wife of his?

"As it was," continued Lord Arden, "his anger and indignation knew no bounds; he sent her away, gave her a liberal income, sent her clothes, her jewels, all the furniture that her rooms had held, away with her, turned the face of her portrait to the wall, and never mentioned her name again."

"It was a hard measure," she said, in a low voice. "Perhaps she was afraid to tell him."

"Hard measure!" cried Lord Arden, in a sterner voice than she had ever heard him use. "I do not think so. It seems to me perfectly just. Those who love truly can never pardon deceit. I am something like my ancestor, Earl Adalbert—I would forgive anything confessed or confided to me, but I would never forgive a sin that I was left to find out."

"Not even if you loved the sinner?" she said, gently.

"How can any one love without respect?" asked the earl, proudly. "Had Lady Sybilla been my wife, I should have banished her just in the same fashion, if she had kept the secret of a former marriage from me."

There he looked up in wonder and alarm; there was a stir in the trailing draperies of silk and lace, and the white jeweled hand that had held part of the picture-frame fell helplessly; he was just in time to save her from falling to the ground. He caught her in his arms, and clasped her to his breast; he covered her face with kisses—tender, passionate kisses; he accused himself bitterly of having allowed her to fatigue herself.

"I knew it was too much for you," he said. "I should not have let you do it, Alice. I must take more care of you, my Alice; you are not strong, although you have the daintiest rose bloom in your face."

He put the picture aside, thinking no more of the Lady Sybilla. With loving care he escorted his wife to her boudoir; he made her rest while he sat by her side, for he loved her so dearly, alas! alas!—and she herself never mentioned Lady Sybilla again.

The glowing summer and the rich, fruitful autumn waned; Christmas was coming, and Lord Arden was busy. Lady Arden was well, happy, and as she said to herself at times, with shuddering sigh, safe—safe from that most wretched past, with its bitter, dark history; safe in the arms of love and luxury.

Christmas was coming; but among all things bright and happy, it was bringing a difficulty for Lord Arden—only a small one it is true, but one that annoyed him. It was the reopening of an old lawsuit; nothing that involved any important interest—it was but the right way over a field just outside the park.

It had been closed seven years ago, but now the heirs of the man who had begun it, dissatisfied with the decision then given, reopened it. Lord Arden would have given way at once, but his lawyers strongly advised him not to do so; it would be a precedent, they said, that would give him infinite trouble; he must fight it out again. The earl declared that he forgot all the details; his lawyer wrote word that he would see reports of the case in the "Times" for the months of June and July, 18—; he was advised to reread them.

Lord Arden never kept any secrets from his wife; he discussed everything with her; he told her of his annoyance over the forthcoming lawsuit, and they talked it over together.

"I will order the 'Times' from London," said Lord Arden; "we had better have the whole set for June and July; will you write, and order them?"

"I will do it, with pleasure," she answered.

"And, Alice," continued the earl, "you might read the case through for me, and tell me what you think of it."

"I will," she replied again. "What dates did you say, Leo?"

"June and July, 18—."

She turned from him abruptly, and so quickly that he did not see the ghastly pallor which spread over her face, or the hunted, terrible look which came into her eyes. June and July, 18—! That was the very date of her trial, and the whole report of it would be there.

Great Heaven! how should she bear it? He would be sure to see it, and it might be that he would read it again, and that something might occur to arouse his suspicions. Was there no peace—no safety—no rest for her? She left the room quickly; she could not remain there, where his eyes rested on her, for her shameful secret seemed to be branded on her brow in letters of fire—"Hester Blair, murderess!" She hastened to her room and locked herself in. She must be alone with the demon of fear, who seemed to be raging in her heart.

What could she do? Nothing to prevent the "Times" from coming; nothing to prevent her husband from reading the trial; the only thing left to her was to wrap herself in an armor of reserve, to make her own heart hard and callous; not to let the color die from her cheeks or the light from her eyes, if he should see it and speak of it; not to fall fainting and senseless to the ground, as she had done once before.

To keep watch and guard over herself, for her secret was in her own house. She could sit opposite to him; she could even sit near him; she could, perhaps, discuss it with him. She should be sure to hear his comments upon it, but she was bound not to betray herself.

During the next few days Lord Arden grew quite distressed about his beautiful wife. She lost her color and her spirits; she was pale and languid; she seemed to be always lost in thought. He blamed the cold of winter, the east wind; he insisted upon her seeing a doctor, and she could not escape from his importunities. Yet it was nothing but the fear that she could not allay.

And on the seventh of December, by the morning's post, came the bundle of the numbers of the "Times." She knew what it was at once when her husband laid it before her.

"You will read the case this morning, Alice, and we will talk it over to-night. I should be glad to avoid a lawsuit if I can. I will send the papers to the library; there is a bright, warm fire, and you can study them at your leisure."

The library at Arden Towers was one of the most beautiful rooms in the house, but she never liked it again. It was eleven o'clock when she went into it, the fire was burning brightly; outside, the landscape was beautiful, all snow—white, brilliant, dazzling snow. The papers lay ready for her on the table, and an easy-chair was drawn near the fire. She turned pale and trembled even as she saw them.

Then, with a desperate effort, she sat down and opened them. Her suspicions were correct; there in large letters, she read—

"The Mystery of Colde Fell."

The hands that held the journal trembled; her heart beat almost to suffocation; her lips lost all their color. Ah! thank Heaven! there was no one to see!

Then she read the trial—the evidence of the witnesses. She read the description of herself—of her wonderful beauty; and she raised her ghastly face to the mirror. Her beauty! Would any one recognize her now, after all this time? It would not be impossible. She had never been in England, and every one believed that she was dead. There was no fear for her secret. Yet how terrible it was to hold this evidence of it in her hands. Poor Hester Blair!

She read every word, even to the paragraph which told how she had sailed, under the name of Annie Malcolm, and was drowned at sea.

Then, with desperate will and desperate effort, she turned to the lawsuit—"Arden versus Lawleigh."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SHYLOCK PROPITIATED.—The late Edwin Booth told the following story one evening at a supper-party. During the days of his early struggles, young Booth was "barnstorming" down in Virginia at a place called Lee's Landing. The improvised theatre was a tobacco warehouse, and it was crowded by the planters for miles around.

Booth and his companions had arranged to take the weekly steamer expected late that night, and between the acts were busy packing up. The play was The Merchant of Venice, and they were just going on for the trial scene, when they heard the whistle, and the manager came running in to say that the steamer had arrived, and would leave again in half an hour.

As that was their only chance for a week of getting away, they were in a terrible quandary. "If we explain matters," said the manager, "the audience will think they are being cheated, and we shall have a free fight. The only thing is for you fellows to get up some sort of natural-like impromptu for the piece and ring down the curtain. Go right ahead, ladies and gentlemen, and take your cue from Ned here;" and he hurried away to get the luggage aboard. "Ned" of course was Booth, who resolved to follow this advice. So, when old George Ruggles, who was playing Shylock, began to sharpen his knife on his boot, Booth walked straight up to him, and said solemnly, "You are bound to have the flesh, are you?"

"You bet your life!" said Ruggles.

"Now I'll make you one more offer," continued Booth. "In addition to this bag of ducats, I'll throw in two kegs of nigger-head terback, a shot-gun, and a couple of the best coon dogs in the State."

"I'm blowed if I do it!" responded Shylock, much to the approbation of the audience, who were tobacco-raisers and coon-hunters to a man.

"And, to show that there are no ill feelings," put in Portia, "we'll wind up with a Virginia reel."

When the company got abroad the steamer, the captain, who had witnessed the conclusion of the play, remarked, "I'd like to see the whole of that play some time, gentlemen. I'm blessed if I thought that fellow Shakspere had so much snap in him!"

A CURE FOR BAD GRAMMAR.—A schoolmaster, after giving one of his scholars a sound drubbing for speaking bad grammar, sent him to the other end of the room to inform another boy that he wished to speak to him, and at the same time promising to repeat the dose if he spoke to him ungrammatically. The youngster, quite satisfied with what he had got, determined to be exact; and thus he addressed his fellow-pupil:—"There is a common substantive, of the masculine gender, singular number, nominative case, and in an angry mood, that sits perched upon the eminence at the other side of the room, wishes to articulate a few sentences to you in the present tense."

CRITICISM.—One of the least flattering tributes ever paid to a raising young artist has been paid to a Cincinnati artist by a Western critic. "He possesses some merit as an artist, but it is hard to say whether it lies in landscape or marine painting. You cannot tell his cows from his ships except when they have their tails exalted, when the absence of spars betrays their character. Even then they may be mistaken for schooners sailing under bare poles!"

Bric-a-Brac.

THE LILY.—It is not very long since the design of a fleur de lis, or lily, was used to brand criminals in France. Now the gracefully drooping curves of the flower are in great favor among lovers of elaborate modern jewelry.

HEREAFTER.—One American tribe believed that at death the soul had to pass over to the other world on floats made of cobwebs. On this account the spider was held in high veneration, it being accounted a highly dangerous act to kill or injure one.

THE HANDS.—The lines of no human hands are exactly alike. When a traveler in China desires a passport the palm of the hand is covered with fine oil paint and an impression is taken on thin, damp paper. This paper, officially signed, is his passport.

COREA'S FLAG.—The Corean flag is white, and bears in the centre a sort of ball, one half blue and the other red, typifying the two elements of creation, the male and the female. In the corners are strange and complicated blue characters invented by a Chinese emperor a few thousand years ago.

AN IMMENSE PROFIT.—The walls of Paris are doomed. No other large city in Europe is surrounded by a wall, and as the one round Paris occupies a space comprising no fewer than twelve million square yards, or one-eighth of the total area of the capital, the state will derive an immense profit from its removal and the sale of the ground which it stands upon.

LEFT-HANDEDNESS.—A French physician mentions a curious case of left-handedness. One child in a certain family was left-handed, and a second appeared at the age of one year also to be left-handed. It was then learned that the mother always carried her child on her left arm. She was advised to carry her child on her right. The infant, having its right arm free, began to grasp objects with it, and soon became right-handed.

A FORGED NOTE.—The first recorded instance of the forgery of a Bank of England note has a singular touch of romance about it. The forger was a linen draper at Stafford, named Vaughan, who, in the year 1758, employed several workmen to engrave different parts of a £20 note, and when a dozen had been printed off he deposited them with a young lady to whom he was engaged to be married as a proof of his wealth; but the imposition was discovered, and Vaughan was hanged.

A LONG NAME.—An English farmer has presented his first-born for christening at his parish church with twenty-six Christian names selected from Scripture, representing every letter of the alphabet. Only with the greatest difficulty could the clergyman persuade the farmer to content himself with the first and last of the appelatives proposed. The name of the unfortunate infant was to have been—Abel Benjamin Caleb Daniel Ezra Felix Gabriel Haggai Isaac Jacob Kish Levi Manoah Nehemiah Obadiah Peter Quartus Rechab Samuel Tobiah Uzziel Vaniah Word Xyustus Yariah Zechariah Jenkins.

NICETY OF TOUCH.—It is a common opinion that machinery works with an exactness and steadiness of movement not to be acquired by a laborer's hand. This is not really true. The workman can suit his stroke to the needs of the case as no machine can do, and this is proved in the trimming of roofing-slates. The splitting process is performed with great nicety by means of chisels, but the shaping is more remarkable, and cannot be properly executed by any who have not been trained to it from youth. The workman sits on a stool with a pad on one knee and a ledge by his side. He lays the slate on the pad on his knee, and allowing the part to be cut rest on the ledge, strikes it with a heavy knife, and separates it instantaneously with the greatest accuracy.

THE COST OF A FENCING OUTFIT.—A fencing outfit for women is rather elaborate and a trifle expensive. There are the foils, $4; the mask, $2.50; the buff doeskin gloves, $3; the black suede shoes, $5, and any price one cares to expend for the dress itself, which may be of flannel, cloth, or silk. Armed cap-a-pie, the modern girl is ready to parry, thrust, feint, dodge, take raps and give them, drive her foe to cover, or gracefully succumb to her own defeat, until with a fierce stamp of the foot and a salute with the foil the engagement is over. This is immensely good discipline for women to learn to take defeat good humoredly, and to engage in any sort of contest without carrying either a grudge or too evident sense of triumph away. To lock arms with an adversary after a defeat in argument and to walk away together in friendliness is training for which fencing lessons, or any other bouts of skill, are of great usefulness.

A VIRGINIA man has an intelligent lot of pigs and did have a well stocked fish pond. When the drought lowered the water the pigs waded in and as the fish came to the surface they would grab them. This went on until there was scarcely one left before before the mischief was discovered.

IN AUTUMN.

BY W. W. LONG.

The breath of sad-eyed autumn,
Came over the frost-kissed hill,
As we watched the coming shadows,
From moorland dark and still.

We talked of the distant future,
Of days of long ago,
Where summer's splendor wandered
Where southern roses blow.

Spoke soft of the love between us,
When days of absence cease,
That will bring us again together,
And crown our life with peace.

Then there in the autumn twilight,
In the dusk of evening's sky,
Our hands unclasped in sadness,
And sadly we said good-bye.

BY UNSEEN HANDS

—OR—

WHAT WAS THE MYSTERY?

BY WYNNE WYNTERS.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

MAD MOMENTS.

I AM a most unfortunate girl. I think that Nature meant to be light-hearted, but Fate is handicapping me in a most unfair manner. My father's gloomy ways have been hard enough to bear; now I find that Lord Alceston is very much the same. Thus it happens that the two men who, at present, make up the sum of my little existence are both melancholy mad.

I am going to make a most shocking and unnatural confession. My sympathies are more with Lord Alceston than with my father. My father is kind and gentle to every one else in the world, so that the poor people around love him more even than their own cure. To me alone he is cold and unresponsive. I fear that he does not love me. Why it is so, or whose fault it is, I cannot tell. But there is between us always a barrier, a restraint, which no effort of mine can remove.

It is strange what a violent fancy my father seems to have taken to Lord Alceston. Does he return it, I wonder? I suppose he does, or he would not come here so often. If I were a very, very foolish girl I might imagine—perhaps—but then I'm not foolish, and don't imagine anything of the sort.

He does come often, though, and his coming makes it pleasanter. Sometimes I sing to him, and he seems to like that. Sometimes my father and he play chess, but they never finish a game. One or the other goes off into a fit of thought, and unless I go to the rescue, and clear the chessmen away, and take Lord Alceston off, the whole evening passes while they sit there. I take care that that doesn't happen often, of course. Sometimes Lord Alceston brings Mr. Carlyon with him, and sometimes Mr. Carlyon comes alone, though it isn't often he can summon up courage, for though he doesn't like to be told so he's a very shy boy. Very—very seldom now my father goes to the casino. On those nights Lord Alceston stays away.

I am afraid that I am getting to be a very silly girl. The other evening we expected Lord Alceston, and he did not come. It seemed such a slight thing for him to miss one evening, and yet I felt as disappointed as though some great trouble had come. I sat down and began to think about it. I am very much afraid that I am courting a great trial. It is not likely that he would ever care for me—in that way; and yet I am quite sure that as long as I live I shall never care for any other man! I am not half so sorry as I ought to be for this terrible trouble of his. Somehow, it seems to bring me nearer to him—to make the distance between us less. . . .

My father called me to him the other morning and said that he wished to talk to me about the request which I had made him, that I might go back to the convent. I am afraid that he saw my consternation. Strange what a change has come to me in so short a time. A few weeks ago I was longing to be away. Now it seems to me that I am perfectly and absolutely contented, so much so that the very mention or thought of going away fills me with alarm.

He had thought over my wish, he said, and he had come to the conclusion that perhaps he had not been considerate enough for me. Perhaps——

He broke off in the middle of his sentence, and sat gazing idly out of the open window. We had been dining together alone at a little round table half out on the veranda, and the fruit and wine and cigarettes still remained on the white cloth.

It was a wonderfully still night. It was all very beautiful. But when I looked away toward my father, wondering why he did not finish his sentence, the memory of it all faded away from me and a great fear shook my heart. His face was pale, and rigid as death. His lips were white as the spotless serviette which he clinched fiercely in one hand. His body seemed to have shrunk a little back in his low chair, but his head was thrust forward, full of an unutterable horror, and his eyes were riveted upon a certain spot in the garden. A great fear seized me and held me speechless, but my eyes followed the direction of his spell-bound gaze, and I saw the figure of a man standing upon the lawn, looking toward us. He wore a long dark cloak, and he held his hat in his hand as though to relieve his forehead for a minute from its weight. I knew who it was in a moment, and waved my hand.

"Father," I said, "don't you——"

I had turned toward him, and his look seemed to freeze the words on my lips. Great drops of perspiration were bursting out upon his forehead, and he had stretched out his hands in a wild, convulsive gesture of terror which no words could express.

"Mon pere!" I cried. "What is the matter? Are you ill? Don't you see Lord Alceston?"

He neither spoke, nor moved, nor changed his attitude. Lord Alceston, seeing that something was wrong, waved his hand to me, and came hurrying across the lawn. When he arrived, my father had fallen forward with a cry which seemed to rend the silent night air, and was lying senseless at my feet.

Lord Alceston was very good. He pushed the servants out of the way, and took my father up in his arms as though he had been a baby, and carried him to his room. It was only a faint, and it did not last long. When he recovered, however, he bade us leave him alone for a while. He would try to sleep, he said. So we went downstairs, and Lord Alceston and I sat out on the balcony and talked.

"I am afraid your father is like me in one respect, Miss de Feurget," he said softly, after a long silence. "He has troubles in his life which do not lie on the surface."

"My father frightens me sometimes," I told him. "I know that there must be something terrible in his past. At times he seems almost on the verge of madness, and I know nothing. Whatever it is, it seems to me that I should be less unhappy if I knew it."

"It must be bad for you, living so much alone with him," he said pityingly. "You must be terribly lonely sometimes."

"I have been," I said, "but not lately."

The last few words I meant to say to myself, but he heard them. I saw a sudden light leap into his eyes, and they gleamed for a moment strangely in the moonlight. But he said nothing—and my heart sank. He never would. I knew it. His secret would keep his lips sealed—even if he ever did care for me.

There was a long pause. Then he spoke again.

"You have some compensations," he said. "Yours is a beautiful home."

"Yes."

"I shall always think of it—when I have gone."

"Are you going away?" I asked quickly. Then the color streamed into my face, for he must have heard the fear in my tone. But if he did, he never noticed it. He kept his face turned resolutely away from me. My heart sank low, and if he had looked he must have seen the tears glistening in my eyes.

"I cannot stay here always," he said.

"But you are not going yet?" I asked anxiously.

He stood up, and his face looked ghastly pale in the moonlight.

"Yes, I must go soon," he said, "very soon, Miss de Feurget. I am not quite sane to-night, I think. If I stay here I shall say more than I ought."

"Then stay," I whispered, resting my hand upon his arm.

I ought not to have done it, I know. It was very wrong of me, and my punishment was swift. But was it punishment? Ah! well, I won't say. Only this is what happened. I felt myself grasped by a pair of strong arms, and I heard broken, passionate words bursting from his lips which sounded to me like the sweetest music, and—and—but the rest I cannot tell.

CHAPTER XL.

NEILLSON'S DREAM.

FOR a man of my humble birth I, Philip Neillson, have passed through a strange and checkered life, and now in the autumn of my days can look back upon a series of remarkable incidents such as few men know of. But there is one which, far above all the rest, I find myself often pondering upon, partly because there is no man in this enlightened world, be he philosopher, or man of science, or book learned, who can explain it to me, partly because it is one of those marvelous instances which sometimes occur showing by what slight means great mysteries may be solved.

It is my object here to set down in writing only that incident, and what followed thereon. The other awful events in my life I do not here intend to dwell upon. I told them once to my young master when hideous death stared us in the face and we seemed to be on the threshold of eternity, and since then I have told them to no one; nor shall I ever.

It was four months after my young master, Lord Bernard, and I were carried by the tide, more dead than alive, on to the beach below Clanavon Castle. My recovery, unaided as I was by his vigorous constitution and hardened frame, trained to all manner of athletic exercises, was very slow indeed, and I was still only able to crawl about with the aid of a strong stick and by leaning on my sister's arm. I was, of course, in a weak, nervous state, and very susceptible to any mental derangement; but what happened could have had no connection with my state of health for a very obvious reason.

All through the weary period of my illness my sleep at night had been constantly broken by horrible dreams and nightmares, most of them bearing on the tragical episodes in which I had been one of the minor figures. But as I regained a little strength, and was able to take more exercise, they grew less and less frequent, until I was almost altogether free of them. For a fortnight I had slept peacefully and undisturbed; then one night I had a strange dream, or rather a vision.

It was no nightmare, full of lurid coloring and fierce sensation. It could scarcely be called a dream, because there was in it no sequence of events or moving figures. It was a vision. Before my eyes, utterly devoid of any connection with any person or surroundings, standing as it were in a chaos of the own, I saw a single object—a plain gold bracelet. When I awoke I thought of it as curious, and no more. During the day it vanished altogether from my memory. But at night a strange thing happened. The vision was reproduced in an exactly similar manner.

This time it set me thinking, but, strangely enough, to no immediate purpose. I could not connect the bracelet with any tangible train of circumstances. It is strange that I failed to do so, but so it was.

On the third night the vision came to me again, but in a different manner. This time the bracelet was clasped high up on the white cold arm of a sleeping or dead woman. It seemed to me in my vision that this time the bracelet seemed to recall something to my mind.

I thought of a morning far back in the past, when I had entered my young master's dressing-room and found him bending with flushed, handsome face over two morocco cases which had just arrived from a jeweler in Paris. They were open, and while I was pouring the water into his bath and making preparations for his toilette, I had a good view of them. They both contained gold bracelets, exactly similar in every respect. Very soon afterward I became aware that my master was wearing one on his right arm. The other I know that he presented to Mademoiselle d'Augerville.

The whole vision of that morning and of the two bracelets passed before my eyes like a flash. Then, again, I found myself with my eyes riveted upon that motionless white arm with its plain gold band. It seemed to me that it was exactly similar to those other two, save in one small respect. There was a little round knob near the fastening, which showed where it opened. On the others the design had evidently been to avoid showing this, and thus carry to its extreme the idea of absolute simplicity.

When I looked a strange thing happened. Another hand of almost unnatural whiteness, with long, slim, colorless fingers, slowly loomed into shape, and deliberately turned the bracelet round on the arm. The effect was to hide that small knob, and to render the bracelet apparently exactly similar to the other two. When this was effectually done, the hand slowly disappeared, as though it had dissolved into the air.

There followed a space of time, the length of which I had no means of determining; then the bracelet slowly slipped round to its former position. It had scarcely become quite stationary before the hand loomed into sight again, and slowly turned it round so as to hide the fastenings. This happened three times; then I awoke.

The whole of that day I remained in a sort of dazed state, pondering over this strange dream of mine. On the morrow a ray of light came to me. I rose early, after a long and dreamless night's rest, and, packing a small bag, announced my intention of taking a journey.

Of course my poor old mother protested loudly against the rashness and folly of my doing anything of the sort. I should be recognized, she said, and arrested at once; but I bade her remember what my appearance had been at the time when my description had been given to the police, and what it was now. My illness had done me one good service. None could possibly have recognized in the William Smith, as I called myself now, the Philip Neillson, valet to his late Lordship the Earl of Alceston, and suspected of his murder. The one had been tall, dark, and smooth-shaven; the William Smith of the present was a man apparently stricken in years, with bent frame, tottering footsteps, and snow-white hair and beard. Even my mother felt herself silenced when I remined her of my changed appearance.

It took me two days to get down into Leicestershire. On the close of the second I presented myself at Gorton Park and asked to see Lady Alceston.

I was told at first that it was impossible. She saw no one. But I sent my name up in a sealed letter, and the man came quickly back. Her ladyship would see me at once.

They led me through many rooms and along many passages to a small, darkened chamber. A gray-haired, sad-faced woman looked up strangely and eagerly at me from the depths of a low chair, and my heart, which had at first almost stood still, beat fast, and my eyes filled with tears. If I was changed, what was she? Where was her sunny brown hair and dazzling complexion and bewildering smile, which once had made her one of society's beauties? Gone, all gone! It was a trembling old woman who leaned forward toward me in the twilight, with nothing save the queenly poise of her small head to remind me of the Lady Alceston of the past.

"Neillson? No, it cannot be! My God! how you are changed! or are you disguised?" she said, in a low, half-fearful whisper.

I shook my head. "Nature has disguised me, your ladyship," I said. "I have been ill."

"Come here, Neillson, and give me your hand. It does me good to see some one—who knows. My son has been here, and the agony in his eyes kills me. I had to send him away. Why have you come? You have a reason. Is it quite safe, do you think?"

I stroked my long beard and, standing in the fire-light, pointed to my wrinkled face and deep-sunken eyes, and looked downward at my tottering limbs.

"I think that it is safe," I said. "Does not your ladyship think so?"

She looked at me with an infinite pity softening her haggard face, and the tears forcing themselves into her eyes.

"Yes. It is safe," she said. "But why have you come? You had a reason."

"Ay, I had a reason, your ladyship. I have had a strange vision."

"Ah!"

"Three times I have seen in the dead of night, before my closed eyes, one object. I have seen a bracelet upon the arm of a dead woman."

"My God!"

"Your ladyship, many years ago, when I was with—Lord Clanavon he was then—in France, he brought two gold bracelets. One he gave to the woman he married, one—he wore himself."

"I knew it," she moaned.

"You knew it?" I repeated eagerly. "Did you ever see it, my lady? Can you tell me what it is like?"

"Neillson," she said hoarsely, "it is strange that you should ask me this. Listen, and I will tell you something. Two days before the funeral I read an account of that murder in the Bethnal Green Road. In the examination of the woman

they found a plain gold bracelet, high up upon her right arm."

"Go on," I murmured; "go on!"

"Then I remembered that my lord was still wearing his; that it might be seen; that the coincidence might be ferreted out by some busybody. Who could tell what might happen? Strange things come to light nowadays, and truth is like cork held down beneath the waters, ever seeking to rise to the surface. A restless, haunting fear seized hold of me, and in the dead of night I stole to his room——"

"Yes! yes!"

"And I took the bracelet from off his arm."

"You have it now," I cried. "It is here."

"It is."

She rose slowly from her chair, and, with the aid of a stick, crossed the room and unlocked a cabinet. In a few minutes she returned, holding in her hand a gold bracelet.

I snatched it from her, and bent forward eagerly over the fire. The flames shone upon its dull, even surface, and I turned it quickly round. It was most certainly one of the two which I seen long ago on my master's dressing-table. I knew it from the peculiarity of its perfectly plain contour without visible fastenings. It was one of those two bracelets, but the bracelet which I had seen in my dream was different.

I felt excited and restless, and I sat looking forward in my chair while wild, disconnected thoughts chased one another rapidly through my brain. My memory had not played me false, then! The bracelet on that dead arm was the fellow one to this. But what meant that strangest part of my vision, the deliberate turning round of the bracelet, as though to hide that sole difference between them? My brain whirled with conjectures; but through the maze decision came.

I looked up to find her ladyship watching me with a strange, awesome intentness. She asked no question in words, but her look demanded an explanation. What could I say to her?

"My dream has all unsettled me," I said in a low tone. "May I keep this," and I touched it with my forefinger, "for a while?"

"Forever," she answered, with a shudder. "Take it away and let me see no more of it."

I rose, and stood before her as though to take my leave.

"You cannot go to-night," she said. "It is late. Why in such a hurry?"

I looked at my watched. The evening was far advanced. I could do nothing until to-morrow.

"They shall get you a room ready here," she said, "and some supper. Ring the bell."

I obeyed her, and she gave her orders. Then she dismissed me.

"What are you going to do with that?" she asked curiously, as I turned to go.

I hesitated. It was hard to explain. Yet I must say something.

"My dream," I muttered. "I want to verify a part of it. It haunts me."

She said no more, but glanced at me compassionately. She thought, doubtless, that trouble and illness had turned my brain. I said no more, but went. It was better for her to think so.

CHAPTER XLI.

IN DANGER AT SCOTLAND YARD.

THE early train on the following morning conveyed me up to London, and in the afternoon, after having made a few changes in my attire, I did what many would doubtless have considered a foolhardy thing, but which, owing to the great change in my appearance, was tolerably safe. I, Philip Neilson, "wanted" by the police for the murder of a peer of the realm, presented myself at Scotland Yard, and after having read through in the waiting-room a bill on which all particulars concerning me and my full description were set forth, was ushered into the presence of one of the superintendents.

Here I made a false calculation, which came very near upsetting all my plans. I presented myself as Richard Ashdale, a schoolmaster from Beeton, near York, and explained to the inspector that in an old newspaper, which had only recently fallen into my hands, I had read the account of the murder of a woman in a street off Bethnal Green Road. I had had a niece in London, whom I had lost sight of since a little before that time, and I knew that she had always worn a bracelet above her elbow on her right arm, in the same place as the bracelet on the murdered woman. I had called to see whether they would allow me to inspect the bracelet with a view to identifying it as my niece's property.

The inspector listened to me in silence, and I noticed that the clerk sitting at a desk by his side wrote down in shorthand every word I said. I suppose it was all a matter of form, but it made me feel rather uneasy.

When I had finished I was asked to describe my niece, which now on my guard, I did without hesitation. She was fair, I said, with golden hair slightly streaked with gray, tall and very slim, but finely shaped, with dark eyes, and had lived like a lady. The inspector took down a ledger and appeared to compare my description with an entry there. Then he unlocked a drawer, and after a brief search handed me a bracelet.

My heart gave a great leap, but I struggled hard to hide my agitation. The bracelet I held in my hand was exactly similar to the one which her ladyship had given me, except in one particular—the fastening; and in that particular it was exactly similar to the one which I had seen in my dream.

I examined it carefully, and then handed it back to the inspector.

"I am very happy to see that this bracelet is not the one my niece wore," I said in a tone of forced relief. "It is far plainer and more massive."

The inspector looked at me steadily.

"You are quite sure of that, I suppose?" he asked. "It happens curiously enough that your description of your niece exactly tallies with the description of the murdered woman. That seems a strange coincidence."

I shook my head.

"At any rate, that bracelet was not the one she wore," I said, slowly rising to my feet. "I am sorry to have troubled you, though, of course, I am glad to have my mind set at ease."

"Naturally," he said. "Good-morning."

"Good-morning, sir."

I left the office with beating heart, glad to get safely away, and conscious that in more ways than one I had been imprudent. Immediately the door was closed I heard a sharp whistle behind me, which I concluded come from the repeating tube in the inspector's room. On my way out I passed through the office with which it communicated, and one of the clerks was just letting fall the tube which he had been holding in his hands.

"Detective Harrison is wanted for immediate duty," he said, turning to a little knot of men close to the door. One of them, a tall, thin man, who had been lounging about listening to the conversation, immediately went to the counter.

"Where for instructions?" he asked nonchalantly.

"Superintendent Howe's room," the clerk answered.

The detective nodded, and strolled off. I passed through the door, and made my exit as quickly as possible. I was not exactly alarmed, but I was certainly disturbed. Superintendent Howe was the officer from whom I had just come.

Certain vague ideas had now assumed a tangible shape in my mind, and I was slowly developing some sort of a plan of action. After I left Scotland Yard, I walked for about an hour, thinking deeply, and quite unconscious of what direction I was taking. When I had come to a conclusion, I found myself in the Strand, close to Charing Cross Station, and stopped short, meaning to turn round and make my way back to Waterloo. In doing so, I came face to face with a man carrying a small black bag, and walking as though in a great hurry. He did not glance at me, but I knew him. It was the detective told off for immediate service at Scotland Yard, and it flashed upon me in a moment that that immediate service was to watch me while they inquired into the truth of my story.

I made no sign of having recognized him, and slowly crossed the road, taking care to affect all the caution of a countryman. Then I went into the telegraph office and wrote out a telegram to Mr. Richard Ashdale, Beeton, near York.

"It is not Carrie. Am returning to-night."

Although it was life or death for me, I could not help admiring the unobtrusive way in which he kept close to me. He was at the counter when I handed my fictitious message, and, of course, read it. I waited for him outside, and when he was within hearing, addressed a clergyman who was passing.

"Could you inform me, sir," I asked, pulling off my hat, "where I could obtain a chop, or some slight refreshment of the sort, at a moderate cost?"

The clergyman stopped and considered.

"Are you pressed for time?" he asked.

I answered him that I was, and, as I had expected, he pointed to Gatti's restaurant.

"You had better go in there, then, I think," he said. "It is rather noisy, but cheap and close at hand."

I thanked him, and entered the swing doors. I had calculated, and correctly, that the detective would not follow me for a minute or two; so I had time to execute the stratagem which had occurred to me. I walked straight down the centre of the room and out of the opposite doors, called a hansom, and drove off to Waterloo. That night I was safe in Paris, without having seen anything more of Mr. Harrison.

CHAPTER XLII.

A WOMAN AND A BRACELET.

IT had seemed to me during those long, weary days when I lay hidden in Clanavon Castle that the quick throbbing of life and energy had died out forever from my pulse, and that I should never feel its beat again. But now a change had come over me. The faint glimmerings of hope which had shone in upon my dulled senses and brain had filled my whole being with the glow and energy of reawakened life. I dare not feed it with the fuel of anticipation, or the reaction of failure would most surely have killed me. I simply let my brain work, and obeyed its directions as well as I was able.

On the night of my arrival in Paris I stayed at a quiet middle-class hotel in the Rue de St. Pierre, and kept myself out of sight as much as possible. Early on the morrow I made my way to the boulevards and presented myself at the establishment of Messrs. Rougut, the great jewelers.

My request to see one of the principals was presently complied with, and I found myself in a small glass office in one corner of the shop. Opposite to me was a young, smartly-dressed Parisian, who rose from a small marble table covered with diamonds, which he had been examining, and removing a cigarette from between his white teeth, asked me my business.

I told him that I wished to order a bracelet exactly similar to one which had been made at his establishment some long time ago. He bowed politely, and intimated his perfect willingness to accept the order.

"We always keep the designs, he remarked, "of every article of jewelry manufactured upon the premises. If you can give me the name and the date when the bracelet was purchased, I can turn up the design and show you—that is," he added, shrugging his shoulders, "provided we are under no obligation to furnish no more of the same pattern."

I brought out my pocket-book and consulted it.

"It is a very long time ago," I remarked, hesitatingly.

"That is of no consequence."

"On the 20th of May, 18—," I said, "you sent to Lord Clanavon, at the Leon d'Or Hotel, St. Marien, two bracelets. I don't know when he ordered them, but I know that that was about the date of their arrival."

He touched a small hand gong on the table before him, and turned toward me with a shrug of the shoulders.

"Just about the time of my appearance in the world," he remarked, "so it goes without saying that I do not remember the man who had answered the bell, "send Monsieur Ducate here."

The man bowed and withdrew. Directly afterward a tall, gray-haired old gentleman, with-rimmed eye-glasses, knocked at the door and entered.

"Ducate, I want the design ledger for 18—," Mons. Rougut said. "This gentleman wishes to order a bracelet similar to one supplied to—to what name, monsieur?"

"To Lord Clanavon."

"Ah, yes; to Lord Clanavon, some time during May of that year. Can you find the design?"

"Certainly, monsieur. In one moment."

He disappeared, and presently brought in a large brass-bound ledger, the stiff white pages which were covered with various designs for jewelry, evidently traced and pasted in. The entry was found directly, and we all three stood up and looked at it.

"I remember it perfectly," Monsieur Ducate said, resting his long, slim forefinger upon the page. "The bracelets, as you see, are perfectly plain, and the clasp fastening is peculiar. It was a patent of our own, which I have often wondered did not take better. We have made scarcely another in the same way."

"May I ask," I said, "whether you have ever before had an inquiry for a similar bracelet?"

Monsieur Ducate tapped his forehead reflectively.

"I think—yes," he said. "If monsieur will pardon me one moment."

He left the office, and returned with a small diary in his hand.

"About a year ago," he said, "a lady, whose name we do not appear to have an entry of, called with a similar request to that which you are now making. We were quite willing to accept the commission, but we happened to be exceedingly busy at the time, and we could not promise that the bracelet should be ready by the time she stipulated. We had one in stock, however, exactly like it save in one respect—the fastening; and after a great deal of indecision she bought that one and took it away with her."

"Was this it?" I asked, producing the one which Lady Alceston had given me.

Monsieur Ducate took it and looked at it carefully.

"Certainly not, monsieur," he remarked, handing it back to me. "That is, without doubt, the identical bracelet which we made for Lord Clanavon."

"And can you point out to me," I said, "where this one differs from the bracelet which the lady you mentioned purchased?"

Monsieur Ducate laid the pointed edge of his white finger-nail in a certain spot of the bracelet.

"In appearance, monsieur," he said, "only that here there would be a small knob on the one of later make. This one, as you see, is quite plain."

"I suppose, sir," I said, "you could not give me any description of this lady. You don't remember anything about her appearance?"

He shook his head. "Very little, sir, I fear. She was dressed in black, I remember, and wore a rather thick veil. Her figure was good and her hair fair. The general impression she left upon me was that she was a good-looking woman. By the bye," he added, "she told me something by which you would be able to recognize her."

"Yes!"

"In her first inquiry for the bracelet she said that she was the lady to whom Lord Clanavon had presented the one she desired copied."

"And did she say what had become of it?"

"She had lost it, or mislaid it in some way—I forget her exact explanation."

I thanked him, and he withdrew, carrying off the ledger with him. I could see that Monsieur Rougut was getting impatient.

"Well, have you found out what you want to know?" he asked.

I shook my head. "Not quite, but I have discovered as much as I expected to." He shrugged his shoulders.

"Your order for the bracelet was only an excuse, I suppose?" he remark.

"Scarcely that," I replied. "I didn't expect to take up your time for nothing."

"Oh, it is nothing. You're quite welcome to the information we've been able to give you. Good-morning."

"Good morning, sir," I said. Then I came away.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CONFUSING.—English verbs are often a source of great confusion and trouble to foreigners who attempt to learn the language. A writer in an educational journal thus describes the trouble a Frenchman had with the verb "to break."

"I begin to understand your language better," said my French friend, M. Dubois to me; "but your verbs trouble me still; you mix them up so with prepositions.

"I saw your friend, Mrs. Murkeson, just now," he continued. "She says she intends to break down her school earlier than usual. Am I right there?"

"Break up the school, she must have said."

"Oh, yes, I remember; break up school."

"Why does she do that?" I asked.

"Because her health is broken into."

"Broken down."

"Broken down? Oh, yes. And, indeed, since fever has broken up in the town——"

"Broken out."

"She thinks she will leave it for a few weeks."

"Will she leave her house alone?"

"No, she is afraid it will be broken—broken—how do I say that?"

"Broken into."

"Certainly; it is what I meant to say."

"Is her son to be married soon?"

"No, that engagement is broken—broken——"

"Broken off."

"Yes, broken off."

"Ah, I had not heard that."

"She is very sorry about it. Her son only broke the news down to her last week. Am I right? I am anxious to speak English well."

"He merely broke the news; no preposition this time."

"It is hard to understand. That young man, her son, is a fine young fellow; a breaker, I think."

"A broker, and a very fine fellow. Good-day!"

So much for the verb "to break."

A SONG OF HARVEST.

BY F. M. G.

Reap, oh reap! gather and reap,
Where golden ripples laugh and run,
For the hush of noontide, still and deep,
Lies on the ripened ears like sleep,
Where cornlands greet the sun.

Reap, oh reap! While the sickles sing
The harvest song of a world at rest;
Reap with a rhythmic sweep and swing
Till silence falls with evening,
And peace is manifest.

Lift up your joyful eyes and see
The silver night, with gliding feet,
Move from the sunset glimmeringly,
And, priestess of God's ministry,
Hallow the garnered wheat.

A Girl's Mistake.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

IT was a long, low room, which, notwithstanding its untidiness, had a pleasant homelike look. There were a piano and a harp, with plenty of books and music littered about; and in the bay window, and drawn close up to the couch, a pretty writing-table covered with loose papers and sheets of music, copied by Mab's clever fingers for the use of the choir.

Olive cleared her easel and paints away, and heaped the books and music together; bundled a work-basket, a heap of unmended stockings, an old pair of slippers, and sundry other small articles, into an ottoman which stood invitingly open in the corner. Mab, from the couch, where most of her life was spent, looked on smiling.

"What would you do without that ottoman, Olive? Some day, when you have nothing to do, we will have it turned regularly out. Who knows what buried treasures it may contain!"

"What a task!" Olive shrugged her shoulders. "It is a perfect tomb, Mab. Why"—as a carriage drove past the window, and the hall-bell rang—"here she is; and I haven't changed my dress, after all."

"And mamma is down the garden, and you have a dab of burnt sienna on your nose, and a patch of Prussian blue on your cheek!" Mabel cried, shaking with suppressed laughter.

"Never mind." Olive rubbed viciously at the patch with her handkerchief. "If she nice, she won't mind; and if she isn't—well, it won't matter what she thinks! Here she comes."

Voices sounded in the hall, then the door opened, and Nell, tired and dispirited and very doubtful as to the reception she might meet, came timidly into the room. All the protecting strength and motherliness that formed so strong a part of Olive's nature sprang into life at the sight of the timid face and appealing glance.

"My dear, we are so glad to see you. But how tired you look!" she said, bending her tall head with a cordial kiss of welcome. "Nellie—I may call you 'Nellie,' mayn't I?—speak to Mab, and then you must rest a little before you go upstairs."

"You must come to me, you know," the merry voice from the couch put in. "I can't possibly come to you."

And then Nell found herself settled comfortably in a chair before the fire, with the wine, which Olive insisted she should take, in her hand, and all her nervous doubts rapidly dying away. Olive knelt down on the rug, poked the fire into a cheerful blaze, and chatted gaily.

"Here is mamma"—as Mrs. Acton, much agitated, rushed into the room, and overwhelmed Nell with her apologies. "Now you have seen us all, I think, except Laura, and she is invisible this afternoon; so will you come upstairs, Nellie, at once?"

Olive led the way into a pretty bedroom with chintz furniture, and looked anxiously round.

"I think there is everything you want; and if you are ready before I come, dear, don't wait, but go downstairs at once. Mab will be in the dining-room."

"Is she quite an invalid?" Nell asked gently.

"Quite. She has an incurable spinal complaint," Olive answered quickly. "Don't look at me with such sympathetic eyes, child, or I shall be making a goose of myself." She bent and kissed Nell's forehead to hide the tears in her bright eyes. "My poor Mab! She is my child, you know; my especial care. There, I must really go."

Olive left the room; and Nell, walking to the window, looked out into a long garden, shut in at the end by a plantation of tall fir-trees, already dark and solemn with the fast-falling shadows of evening. How kind Olive was, Nell thought gratefully. How different her cordial welcome from the cold reception she had dreaded!

Nell had been bitterly disappointed on arriving in Manchester to find her aunt had left the town some years before, and was now living in a little country village in the west of England.

"The youngest daughter was very delicate, miss," the woman who was then living in the house told Nell civilly. "And Mrs. Acton was advised to try country air. But I can give you her address if you like, she has several times stayed with me since. And if you like to remain here for a day or two till you hear from her, I have a room at liberty."

Nell thankfully accepted the offer, wrote to Mrs. Acton, and while waiting for an answer to her letter, bought two or three dresses and some underclothing. It would never do to go among strangers without any wardrobe at all, she knew. The answer, when it had come, was cordial and pleasant enough. It began by expressing the pleasure Mrs. Acton felt in at last hearing from her sister's child, and went on to give a hearty invitation to come as soon and remain as long as she liked. The writer finished by signing herself Nell's "affectionate cousin, Olive Acton."

"It was just such a letter as one would expect Olive to write," Nell said to herself, as she stood before the glass brushing out her long curls, and thought of her cousin's cordial manner and pleasant face.

A tap came at the door by-and-by, and Olive's voice sounded outside.

"Ready to go down, Nellie?" And Nell, hastily finishing her toilette, followed her downstairs into the dining-room.

"Take this chair." Olive drew up a low seat to the fire. "Mab will entertain you for a little while. I am going to see about tea."

"And mind you give us something nice," Mab said. "I am desperately hungry, and so is Nellie. And draw my couch up to the fire before you go, please, Olive."

"Any more commands?" Olive smiled brightly as she bent over the couch, and Nell was struck afresh by the beauty of that smile. "Speak, and your slave obeys."

She pushed the couch up into the warmest corner, arranged the pillows more comfortably, and then, with a nod and smile to Nell, went gaily out of the room.

"Are you very tired, Nellie?" Mab half raised herself and looked curiously at her cousin's thoughtful face. "What pretty eyes she has, and how sad she looks!" the girl thought to herself. "I wonder if you will like living in the country? Laura says you will think us awfully pokey."

"I am sure I like you." Nell rose in her impulsive way, and knelt down by the couch. "You are so kind—you and Olive."

"Olive! Isn't she a darling?" The pale face flushed up with pleasure. "No one could possibly guess what Olive has been to me these last few years! If it wasn't for her—— Ah, here she comes!"

Mab paused as Olive, with the tea-pot in her hand and dismay in her face, entered the room.

"Mab, have you seen my keys anywhere? I have hunted upstairs and downstairs, and in my lady's chamber, and I can't find them anywhere."

"Look in the ottoman," Mab suggested demurely. "Olive wants to show off her housekeeping capabilities before you, Nellie. She has keys for every drawer and cupboard in the house, and never by any chance locks one of them!"

"It is a base calumny; don't believe her, Nellie."

Olive hunted about, looked under vases and books—all in vain; finally took up the tea-caddy, and found it unlocked.

"What a relief to one's mind it would be if there were no such things as keys," she said meditatively. "Having them, one feels it is a sort of duty to look up things sometimes."

"And an additional duty to lose the keys immediately afterwards," Mab interrupted. "Here come the tea-things and Laura together. Laura, where have you been all the afternoon?"

A tall, rather graceful, girl entered the room as she spoke, and shook hands with, and kissed, Nell in a pleasant if somewhat patronizing way.

"I am sorry I was not here before, Nellie," she said; "but I have been up to the Rectory to practice my duet with Fraulein."

"Have you been hammering away at that everlasting duet again, Laura?" Mab exclaimed. "Really you deserve a success."

"And I think we shall have one," Laura replied complacently. "Mr. Austin came in while I was there, and said it was perfection. He is coming to-night to hear me try 'Strangers yet.'"

"Mr. Austin, you must know, Nellie, is one of our spiritual pastors, and he takes a deep interest in Laura's musical and Olive's spiritual progress," Mab remarked.

Over Olive's face, half hidden behind the urn, Nell saw a sudden flush brighten and die; but Laura simpered, drew up her head, and looked conscious.

"How absurd you are, Mab! You will make Nellie think all sorts of nonsense. And he only comes because he is fond of music."

"I didn't say he came for anything else, did I?" Mab asked sharply. "I hope that is the only reason." She looked across at Olive with anxious questioning eyes, and Olive met the look and smiled back reassuringly.

"You mustn't take any notice of Mab, Nellie," she said gaily. "She is privileged to talk nonsense. Some more tea, Laura?"

Quietly and dexterously, yet not unnoticed by Nell, she changed the conversation, talked of her painting and of the new book Laura had brought from the Rectory; but Nell fancied there was a shadow in her clear eyes and that her sweet face looked scarcely so placid as half an hour before.

"'Strangers yet,' 'Once again.'" Laura, standing by the piano after all was over, ran over the titles of half a dozen songs. "These are his favorites, I think. Nellie, do you sing?"

"Sometimes—not often," Nell answered, her thoughts going back to the days—ah, so long ago they seemed!—when Malcolm used to praise her singing, and declare her voice sweeter in his ears than Patti's most entrancing notes—Malcolm, who had seemed to love her so dearly, and who yet had allowed her to go so easily!

"Laura, I don't think that shade of crimson suits your complexion," Mab said suddenly, looking at her sister with critical eyes; and Laura threw down the pile of music and looked anxiously at herself in the glass.

"I don't think it does. I shall put on my blue. Mr. Austin always likes me best in blue," she remarked thoughtfully.

Mab laughed sarcastically as Laura left the room.

"I wanted her to go," she said, lowering her voice so that Mrs. Acton, leaning back half asleep in her easy chair, could not hear the whispered words. "Nellie, I want you to keep your eyes open to-night. I want you to tell me which of them Mr. Austin really comes to see, for I am afraid—oh, terribly afraid—it is Olive."

"Why afraid? Wouldn't you like him for a brother?" and Nell stroked her hair caressingly.

"I should hate any one who wanted Olive!" Mab cried passionately. "Oh, Nellie, isn't it dreadfully selfish and jealous? I can't bear to imagine Olive loving any one more than me."

"But if it was for her happiness, dear," Nell urged gently, "you would think differently."

"I am a selfish wretch, I know; but I shouldn't," Mab said penitently. "I should hate any one who tried to take Olive away from me. Hush, here she is coming, and there is Mr. Austin!" she added, as the bell rang.

Mr. Austin, a tall, gentlemanly man, with a pleasant kindly face, here entered the room, closely followed by Laura, her crimson ribbons replaced by pale blue. He drew a chair close to Mabel's couch, and seemed in no particular hurry to commence the songs which Laura somewhat ostentatiously fluttered in her hands. Nell thought he would have much preferred talking to Mab, and watching Olive's graceful head bending over her work as she sat at the opposite side of the fire.

"And how is the painting getting on, Miss Olive?" he asked, after a while. "I haven't seen it lately, you know."

"It is beautiful," Mab—who, Nell had already discovered, generally acted as her sister's trumpeter—replied enthusiastically. "It is nearly finished. She has been working so hard."

"You must not let her work too hard." Mr. Austin looked across, smiling. "I thought you looked unusually pale to-day, Olive?"

"Because I have not been out," Olive answered quickly, her color rising. "Don't put fancies into Mab's head, Mr. Austin. I am quite well."

"I thought Olive looked quite flushed," Laura, not approving of being neglected, put in rather snappishly.

She recalled Mr. Austin to a sense of his duties by sitting down to the piano and beginning to play unasked. He stood by her side, turning over the music and listening with a rather bored air, while Laura, with many tender glances and significant smiles, begged him tenderly to "meet her once again," to "love her once again," or entreated him to "take back the heart——"

"Which he never gave," whispered Mab to Nell. "Isn't it a pity Laura makes such a goose of herself. She is perfectly sane and rational so long as there are no men in the room; but, directly one of the superior sex enters, she seems to take temporary leave of her senses. Olive does get so savage sometimes."

"Do you know the last new thing—'Sweetheart?'" Laura asked sentimentally. "It is so sweet!"

"So I should imagine from the title," Mr. Austin replied, smiling in answer to the merry sarcastic look in Mab's eyes. "Somehow I don't care about the new songs," the ungrateful young man went on. "I like the old ones much better."

"But I am sure you will like this. Shall I sing it?" Laura asked.

"I couldn't be so selfish." Mr. Austin closed the piano with a courteous bow. "You must be tired out, Miss Laura; and you must save your voice for the concert, you know. What should we do if our principal soprano were hoarse?"

"I am not in the least tired," Laura protested.

But Mr. Austin was firm.

"I could not trespass any more on your good nature, Miss Laura; besides, I ought to go," he said, leaning against the mantlepiece, watching Olive's quiet face.

"Haven't you any news for us?" Mab asked. "Is the concert to be a success?"

"I hope so. Both the Bishop and Mrs. du Berg are to be present."

"And Miss du Berg has promised to sing two songs," Laura put in.

"Mab, what is the matter? The Curate looked down with a twinkle in his clear eyes. "What are you laughing at?"

"Laughing! It is no laughing matter, and so you will find out when Olive and I join the Dissenters!" Mab cried, with comical earnestness; "for that will be the result if this sort of thing goes on much longer; we have had nothing but bishops and bishops' daughters crammed down our throats from morning to night, and it is becoming unbearable."

"After such heretical sentiments I could not conscientiously remain longer." Mr. Austin buttoned his coat with mock severity. "Olive, you said you had not been out to-day; walk to the gate with me, please."

Olive hesitated, and Mab looked up quickly.

"Run along, Olive; it will do you good," she said imperiously, and Olive, after another moment's hesitation, followed him from the room.

"Give me credit for a little bit of generosity, Nellie," Mab whispered, with a smile on her lips and a pathetic look in her eyes. "I know—oh, so well—what he will say to her out there, and how happy it will make her to hear it, and yet I feel as if I could hate him for saying it, and her for being pleased!" She laid her flushed cheek against Nell's cold hand. "I wonder why I told all this to you, Nellie? I should never have thought of saying anything to mamma or Laura—I think it is because you are so quiet and gentle, and you have such pretty sad eyes!"

Quiet and gentle! It seemed such an odd description to apply to her, Nell thought. Was she really so changed as all that? Was it possible only a few days had passed since she had taken her fate in her own hands and left Malcolm and home for ever? And, worst sting of all, Malcolm had let her go so easily! Every day Nell looked through the "agony" column of the Times, hoping to light upon some cautiously-worded advertisement that would promise explanation or denial and bring fresh hope to her heart. But there was nothing, neither word nor sign, and this silence only seemed to Nell fresh evidence of Malcolm's guilt. Very stern and sad her young face looked as she sat holding Mab's hand, looking into the fire in her old dreamy way.

Olive came in by-and-by with a flushed face and dewy eyes, but her voice was calm and gentle enough as she bent over

Mab's couch and asked if she was tired, if she had enjoyed her evening.

"Very much. I like your Mr. Austin," Mabel replied gaily. "Did you enjoy your walk round the garden, Olive?"

"Well," Laura said, turning round on the music-stool, "Olive, I suppose, may do as she pleases, but you would have had plenty to say, Mab, if I had walked out so late with a gentleman—curate or no curate!"

"My dear Laura"—Mab looked up mischievously—"must I remind you of the old proverb? One man may steal a horse, you know, while another dares not look over the hedge? You are too fascinating to be allowed liberties such as ordinary mortals may indulge in."

Nell looked up in surprise, but Laura simpered and smiled.

"I know I am different from most girls," she said, calmly accepting Mab's sarcastic speech as a compliment to her powers of fascination, "but I can't help that. People can't be all alike, you know, Mab dear."

"Oh, what a dreadful world it would be if they were!" Mab cried energetically. "Olive dear, see how tired Nellie looks; send her to bed and give her some hot wine and water to make her sleep. You will have two children to spoil now instead of one."

Nell cried herself to sleep that night, though Olive's kiss and tender good night was a little consolation. Dimly she guessed at the struggle going on in the girl's heart—the conflict between the two loves, each so strong and yet so different.

"Poor Olive! Oh, how miserable everything is in this world!" Nell sighed. "Everything crooked—nothing straight"—and so sobbing cried herself to sleep.

And all the time, Malcolm, stunned and bewildered at first at his wife's desertion, was endeavoring, out of the depth of his loyal heart and great love, to make excuses for her frailty and the disgrace she had brought on his name—for that it was disgrace Malcolm never doubted. Nell, under some terrible mistake, urged on by some fancied discovery of treachery and wrong doing, had fled with the man who had been her lover in the old days! Nell—his little Nell—fallen so low! Malcolm felt as if his heart would break sometimes when he entered the rooms which he had made so beautiful for her, which were so utterly dreary and hateful now.

The gray hairs, about which Nell used to tease him, were coming thick and fast enough now, and there were deep lines in his pleasant, genial face; but after the first two or three days Nell's name never passed his lips. With his own hand he collected all her little treasures, her books and music, and locked them up in the boudoir, which no one but himself entered now. The dust lay thick in Nell's pretty room on the pictures and statuettes and little ornaments of which she had been so proud. Malcolm used to go in sometimes and look round with a sad face. And all the time Nell was fretting over his silence, and Owen Staunton was sailing away to India as fast as wind and waves would let him!

CHAPTER VII.

LIFE in Scarsdale, as in most country places, went on smoothly and monotonously. The village consisted of one long street of straggling houses, planted with tall poplar trees. The only house of any pretension was the Actons', and it was in the middle of a large garden, at the bottom of which flowed a sluggish river, up which the barges used to pass on their way to Earlstone—a large manufacturing town some miles distant. It was a favorite amusement of Mab's to lie on her couch and watch the boats sail past and the lights in the distant city flicker up one by one. Almost every one around Scarsdale was either very grand or very poor. First of all, of course, on the highest rung of the social ladder were the Palace people and the county families; a step lower down the Rector and his wife—lower still the Curate, doctor, and the Actons—lowest of all the mass of the population, consisting chiefly of laborers and miners employed in the coal pits which a few miles away desolated the pretty country.

Just at first, Olive and Mab—clever, well-educated girls—who had been accustomed in Manchester to a large circle of pleasant, intellectual people, felt the change keenly, but soon learnt in their merry sarcastic way to make fun of their isolated position and to pick no small amount of amusement out of their neighbors' peculiarities and the awe and reverence with which the aristocracy were regarded.

Laura, however, neither so clever nor so keen-witted as her sisters, missed her gaieties and excitements terribly, and was ready to accept the faintest crumb of encouragement towards intimacy with the Rectory and Palace people. Olive's cheeks flushed and her eyes sparkled with anger one wet Sunday when Laura rushed forward in the church porch and helped the Bishop's daughter so obsequiously with her cloak. The young lady herself looked a little surprised at such attention from a total stranger, but Laura's end was gained—Miss du Berg never afterwards omitted to bow and speak when they met in the village, and once or twice stopped to enquire after her sister, and sent down fruit and flowers for the invalid. And now Laura had reached the summit of her ambition. An amateur concert was to be held in the village in the aid of the new schools, and Laura, to her intense delight, was invited to take part in the proceedings. It was a proud moment when the programmes were issued, and she first read her name in close juxtaposition to that of Miss du Berg and the Hon. Misses Vere.

"Miss Laura seems very much excited over our concert," Mr. Austin said to Nell once, as they walked down the village together, Laura, in a state of wild excitement, having just rushed up with the alarming news that Fraulein, the Rector's governess, had a cold and a sore throat.

"If she is not better soon I shall have to take her place," declared Laura, with immense importance. "I am going home to practice at once."

"It is wonderful what a difference there is in members of the same family," the Curate went on meditatively.

"Yes, she is not much like her sisters," Nell answered, smiling. "Very different from Olive."

"Olive! She is one in a thousand," Mr. Austin asserted. "So unselfish and generous! You know how passionately fond she is of her painting, Miss Grahame? Well, I showed some of her sketches to an artist—a friend of mine, and a very clever fellow—and he said that, with proper opportunities of study, she might become really great; and yet, for Mab's sake, she is content to give it all up, and struggle on unaided."

"Yes; her devotion to Mab is really beautiful," Nell assented warmly.

"You don't know what a help it is to me sometimes," Mr. Austin went on, "when I come back from Langton"—he pointed to a little colliery village a few miles distant, where his principal work lay—"tired, and dispirited at the ingratitude and indifference I meet there, to think of my darling's self-denial. There, I have left out my secret now!"

"It was no secret to me," Nell said quietly. "I have known all the time that you loved each other."

"Yes, we love each other," Mr. Austin returned; "but you don't know that Olive has determined to live single—to put away all thoughts of love and marriage—all for Mab's sake! And though it makes me wretched, I can't help—Heaven bless her for it—loving her all the better."

"I am sure of that"—Nell put out her hand warmly—"and Olive is worth waiting for; Mab may recover, or you grow rich. Oh, something is sure to turn up if you wait," Nell remarked hopefully.

They had reached the gate by this time, and Olive, who was in the garden gathering a nosegay of autumn flowers, came down to meet them.

"See how late the roses linger," she said, offering a pale bud to Mr. Austin. "Laura has just been scolding me for pulling these. She wanted them all saved for the concert."

"The one engrossing topic." Mr. Austin laughed. "Don't you wish it were over, Olive?"

"From the bottom of my heart," Olive replied tragically. "Laura has exhausted our patience and wasted our substance in cough lozenges and camphor till we are almost desperate."

"Never mind, Olive, it will all be over to-morrow," Nell remarked, smiling.

She left the two to their talk in the twilight, and went sadly into the house. Oh, what did it matter that they must live apart, so long as they loved and trusted each other so entirely!

"Dr. Rider is in great perturbation, Olive," and Mab looked up with a satirical gleam in her eyes next morning after the Doctor's visit. "He is to show the people to their seats to-night, and he can't decide whether to go in a dress suit or in his morning coat."

"I shouldn't think it would matter much," Olive said gaily. "The aristocracy are too much accustomed to evening dress to be impressed, and the democracy won't know the difference. I shall go in my hat and jacket."

"Olive!" Laura exclaimed in consternation. "Surely you will go dressed?"

"My dear, don't be indecent! Do you think I should go undressed?" Olive answered with mock severity. "Nell and I belong to the democracy, and we must dress as our kind. And you must sustain the family credit, Laura."

The back of the room was nearly full when Olive and Nell entered, but the front rows of seats reserved for the aristocracy were still empty.

"Oh dear, we shall be among the swells, Nell!" Olive whispered in comic dismay as the Bishop, his wife and daughters, accompanied by a select party of friends, entered the room and filled the seats near them.

Olive sat in demure silence, her bright eyes noticing everything that went on, and Nell could fancy what fun she would make of the whole proceedings afterwards to Mab.

The concert commenced with a part song sung by the village choir, followed by a solo by the Bishop's daughter—a pretty, rather affected girl, with short dark hair curling all over her head. Then came Laura's song, quite as well as Miss du Berg's, but less applaudded by the audience; and so, with varying success, the concert went on.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PING YANG, OR PING-AN.—This province in which the recent fighting is said to have occured, is in the extreme northwestern part of Corea, bordering on the Chinese province Shing-king and Manchuria. The words means "tranquility." The province is crossed by four mountain ranges, running northeast and southwest. In the intervening valleys flow three important rivers—the Ta-tong, Ching-chong and Yula. The last-named stream forms the boundary line between Corea and China. Ping Yang, the capital of the province, of which the Chinese appear to have possession, stands upon the Ta-tong river, which, in spite of very high tides, is navigable from the site of the city down to the sea, a distance of 50 miles. The city occupies a strong position of the Corean peninsula. It was famous for its many sieges in the pre-Christian times, and during the early and middle ages it was here that the native kings had their mausoleums. Chung Ho, the other town which the Chinese claim to have captured from the Coreans, is situated directly on the Yellow Sea, not far from the northwestern boundary of Corea.

HOW GUIDES ARE MADE.—"How do they make guides?" is the simple question we asked one of our fraternity in the Piscataquis woods recently, says a recent writer. "Do you take apprentices?" The man shrugged his shoulders and laughed. "Well, to tell you the truth, mister," he replied, "I worked in a mill out in the settlements until three years ago, when I happened to go to Moosehead Lake, and a man there wanted me to go into the woods with him as a guide. The pay was good, the work not hard, and I thought I had common sense, so I agreed and went. I never was in the region before, but I knew something about its geography, and I had also been a observer of nature in many ways. I was a pretty good hunter and fisherman, and that's an important matter, because a good many sportsmen expect the guide not only to find the game and fish, but to shoot and fish for them. I managed not to get lost in the woods, and here I am—been a-guiding ever since. I guess that's the way guides are made, as a rule. No, we don't take apprentices. They'd be too much in the way."

LOVE FOR THE ZIGZAG.—The straight line is an abomination to the Chinese. They endeavor to avoid it in the streets and buildings, and have banished it completely where country field paths are concerned. They will always substitute a curve whenever possible, or they will torture it into a zigzag. In many districts not subject to the influence of a foreigner, the houses and temples are characterized by curved, often peaked, roofs, ornamented with fantastic modifications of the "myriad stroke pattern." The inhabitants of such regions are soon found to have a mental world to correspond. The straight line is scouted. They think in curves and zigzags. To the Chinese mind the straight line is suggestive of death and demons. It belongs not to the heaven above nor to the earth beneath. In a true horizon line are seen the "undulations of the dragon."

WHEN THE MUCOUS SURFACES of the Bronchia are sore and inflamed, Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant will afford prompt relief. For breaking a Cold or subduing a Cough, you will find in it a certain remedy.

Scientific and Useful.

PENS.—Pens can be made out of eight metals or alloys—steel, brass, copper, gold, silver, platinum, "amalgam," and aluminium.

CONDUCTIVITY.—A curious instance of the conductive power of water is that divers are able to converse under water by placing their helmets, which are invariably made of copper, together, and shouting to one another; the sound, they say, is swiftly and distinctly conveyed.

WATER FILTER.—A noted medical scientist has been making investigations, and he has decided that all the water filters yet invented are worse than useless. Not only are they worthless as water purifiers, but their use is extremely dangerous to health, for the reason that the filter used from day to day collects impure substances, and these render the filtered water more impure than it was originally.

ICE AND GAS.—A new idea comes from Indiana, which is to make ice with natural gas. It is well known that when gases are compressed they part with a portion of their heat, and then as they expand they take back the same amount from bodies in contact with them. These gases, when deprived of heat, can be made to take it from uncongealable fluids, and thus accumulate cold, which may be applied to the freezing of water. Gas in this way can produce ice at fifty cents per ton, an ordinary well having a capacity of fifty tons per day.

PETROLEUM.—The rapidity with which the world moves nowadays is illustrated by the fact that there are men now living, and plenty of them too, who can remember when petroleum was gathered from the surface of the springs in Pennsylvania, and was sold in ounce phials as rock-oil, an admirable specific for rheumatism. Its scarcity was its most effective commendation, for, as soon as it became plentiful, nobody thought of rubbing it on his joints. The entire system of petroleum wells, the immense petroleum trade, have all sprung up within the recollection of a single generation.

Farm and Garden.

SOILS.—Some soils are more suitable for certain crops than others. Adapt the crop to the soil, and not the soil to the crop. All soils will grow something, and may therefore be improved by green manuring.

MANURE.—While stable manure has generally fallen into some disrepute for fruit, the need of nitrogen to form a healthy but not extreme growth is still acknowledged. Peas are good for orchards. They are the kind of legumes which dissolve air in the soil and put its nitrogen into available form.

THE DAIRY.—The question is sometimes raised whether it is possible to keep wooden dairy utensils always perfectly clean. It is not good policy to let milk stand for any length of time in wooden pails or receptacles, but wooden churns and butter workers are all right, and can be kept perfectly sweet and bacteria-proof by the use of hot water.

CREAM.—When your cream foams and swells in the churn don't pour hot water into it, but warm it up to 70 degrees, if need be, by warm water to the outside, and mature it more before you attempt again to churn. Maturity and warmth within certain safe limits will generally knock the obstinacy all out of winter cream that does not want to yield up its butter.

BOOK FARMING.—There is a prejudice among certain farmers against "book farming." The proper mode of exploding book farming is to first try it, and be convinced of any fallacies that may be claimed for it. The fact is that book farming is simply the following of the published experience of those who have devoted years of toil and thought to improved methods of farming, and the most progressive men are those who profit by the teachings of others.

GRAPES.—It makes little difference how rocky land is for grapes. They have been known to flourish where it was necessary to carry soil to cover the roots when planting. Vines have frequently been known to do well where their roots were beneath buildings and the vines brought out at the foundation. They never fail in such places for want of moisture, the natural dampness of the soil being sufficient. Very often such vines will come through the winter uninjured, when those in the garden or vineyard are seriously damaged.

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On Merry-Making.

In one of his "Spectator" essays Addison introduced a pretty and persuasive argument in favor of cheerfulness contrasted with mirth. It was such an argument as would appeal to a quiet, mannerly people whose pulses had begun to run slow, and who wished to get all the enjoyment they could out of life while husbanding their resources. The worthy man considered mirth as an act, transient, glittering, somewhat too wanton, "filled with a certain triumph and insolence of heart," while he regarded cheerfulness as a habit of the mind, permanent and serene.

We are not concerned to deny the truthfulness of the distinction—it were a poor task to whittle down the advantages of cheerfulness—but we do enter an objection to the slight put upon mirth. Because Mr. Addison was not given to boisterous jollity, having passed out of that period of life when the impulsion towards merriment is strongest, and having become a Secretary of State and the husband of a cross countess he need not have disparaged the merry heart.

But that is the way with us all; we try to make out that human nature is like our nature; we look into our hearts to find the world, and we forget that there are a score of good qualities sown broadcast among mankind which we have only developed in the most rudimentary manner.

Here is Mr. Addison in his prim, restrained, gentlemanly way—good soul!—going as near to railing at merriment as his placid temperament would allow; and yet the love of fun, of hearty jollity, the delight in a slackening of the proprieties, so that we all become children again and revel in mirth, are deeply ingrained in the average man.

Look at the love of merry-making as illustrating the ascent from animalism. Slow stupid beasts do not play; but, as life grows to higher developments, there comes into operation above and beyond the common impulses of the preservation and perpetuation of the species this delightful, apparently useless æsthetic passion, a love of merriment, a conscious overflowing enjoyment of existence.

See the birds in the spring as they dart from spray to spray, striving vainly to express their palpitating pleasure through Nature's two easiest methods—motion and sound They cannot be still; half their flights have no purpose except to satisfy a delight in change as a mode of expressing pleasure. And then how they warble, twitter, and chirp! If their only note is a monotonous "Cheep, cheep!" they keep on emitting it every few seconds as an emotional overflow.

Or look at the mad little kittens, most playful of all young creatures when, waking refreshed from sleep, they look round with an imaginative eye to find something which looks as though it might move. Anything will do—a pattern in the carpet, a wavering shadow, or, better still, a bit of string. There is no need, when the fit is on them, to draw corks round corners in a mouse-suggesting way; their natural love of mad merriment is sufficient without stimulation. They will dash off the back of the couch possessed by a very demon of mirth and mischief, take a clawing leap into the window-curtains, and scramble up without a thought to a height that takes away their nerve.

Or watch the uncontrollable mirthfulness of the dog just off for a walk as he careers round, yapping for joy, then bounds back to you, every muscle in his face drawn into an expression of laughter and love.

Or see the children ready at any moment to slip into play, and so absorbed in it, that when a fair chance comes, they shout all together unawares in their eagerness, so that only the strongest-voiced can hope to take the lead.

It will not do for puffy and powdered respectability, though it take the shape of the classical Addison, to say that mirth, self-abandoned roystering mirth, "laughter holding both its sides," is not natural and good and in every way to be encouraged so long as it be a hearty, clean, and wholesome merriment.

Did you ever stand in the midst of a fair in full swing, when thousands of people have agreed to doff dignity and enjoy themselves like children? The most curious part of the sensation is that, in spite of the blaring organs playing by steam the latest tunes, and the electric light making human heads half silver half shadow, like the moon, and the whirligigs on the latest scientific principles combining every possible giddy motion, one feels a century or two out of date.

The means for inducing this sense of enjoyment are of the simplest possible kind; they are a use of every form of motion accompanied by unlimited noise. To be swung round and at the same time heaved up and down and swayed from side to side while the ears are dinned with hard clanging music and the eyes are dazzled with glare, glitter and movement—these are the most direct and simple methods of carrying people en masse into captivity to pleasure. It is not ennobling certainly, but there is no harm in it, and everybody participates with a healthy heartiness and sense of exhilaration.

There is a charm in numbers and simultaneity to the common mind, and there is a half-mischievous delight in doing something which one is aware cannot be strictly defended by reason. It is probably silly, as reason adjudges silliness, to go down on one's hands and knees and play at bears with the children under the dining-room table; but the world suddenly changed its opinion of Lord Macaulay, accused him no longer of being metallic, and asked no more respecting the whereabouts of his heart, when Sir George Trevelyan's delightful biography had told what a past-master he was of the game of hide-seek, or at playing robbers with a den behind the sofa. The readiness with which we slip back into boisterous simple revels shows that, trivial as they are, they, in common phrase, "supply a much felt want."

We must enjoy ourselves with due propriety. Even children in certain circles have their stately formalities, and at their parties can only be touched with care. They dance but do not play. Happily we have still left to us one reason in which jollity is licensed, and it is to the household pleasure and freedom of Christmastide that we can most hopefully look for a revival of the old-fashioned heartiness and genial abandonment to cheerful social intercourse. Sadness is one of the fads of the age. It is more than a foolish fad—it is dangerous.

IN discussing the problems of the day, on which so much of the welfare of the community depends, how seldom do we find men who look at them simply on their own merits! It is rather their ulterior effects upon something else which they have at heart that is uppermost in their minds and that decides the attitude they take with regard to them. To this cause is largely attributable the many and various positions which people occupy upon mooted questions, which, if stripped of all extraneous considerations, would become clear and simple. Unconsciously they are influenced by these, and their judgment is thereby warped from its true position.

PAYING of debts is, next to the blessing of God, the best means in the world to deliver you from a thousand temptations to sin and vanity. Pay your debts, and you will not have wherewith to purchase a costly toy, or a pernicious pleasure. Pay your debts, and you will not have anything to lose to a gamester. In one word, pay your debts, and you will of necessity abstain from many indulgences which would certainly end in the utter destruction both of soul and body.

THE habit of doing work well is not difficult to attain, and is invaluable when attained; whereas the slovenly, careless, indifferent habit ruins alike employer and employed. While this should be always held in view, it is better not to interfere too minutely in the methods of work. There are many different ways of producing the same results, and the one which the worker himself prefers will generally be the best for him.

THE most active principle in our minds is the imagination; to it a good poet makes his court perpetually, and by this faculty takes care to gain it first. Our passions and inclinations are won over next, and our reason surrenders itself with pleasure in the end. Thus the whole soul is betrayed into morality.

IT is said that good temper prolongs life. Perhaps, if a closer study should be made, it would be found that the conditions favorable to good temper are those which prolong life, for these conditions are among other things, good health and absence from worry.

LIFE may change, but it will not fly till the appointed hour; hope may vanish for a time, but it is deathless; truth may be veiled, but it endures, and love may be repulsed, but it returns.

WHEN men have become heartily wearied of licentious anarchy, their eagerness has been proportionately great to embrace the opposite extreme of religious despotism.

THE memory of a beloved mother will often warm the heart and sway the life of a strong man as her presence never did when, as a boy, she yearned over him.

IT is by adding to our good purposes, and nourishing the affections which are rightly placed, that we shall best be able to combat the bad ones.

THE true sadness is not in the pain of parting; it is in the when and how we are to meet again with the face about to vanish from our view.

THIRSTING for the golden fountain of the fable, from how many streams have we turned away, weary and in disgust!

MANKIND in the gross is a gaping monster, that loves to be deceived and seldom has been disappointed.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

C. C.—Gentiles is the name by which the Jews distinguished all other nations from themselves.

B. B.—A gentleman on horseback should grasp whip and reins in his left hand, and raise his hat with his right, when saluting a lady. The lady salutes by bowing slightly.

T. E.—The substance to be distilled is first heated until it turns to vapor or steam; this vapor then passes into another vessel which is kept cold, and the coolness condenses it, that is, turns it back into a liquid.

ADMIRER.—Whether there is any pain in the tooth or not, it would seem to be the best thing to have it out, if it is causing gumboils and ulceration. You should, however, show it to a dentist; he would be the best person to advise you.

TOM KING.—The name of professional beauty is applied to ladies who allow themselves to be photographed in various positions and dresses for exhibition and sale. No doubt many of them make money by the practice, which is neither dignified nor delicate.

META M.—It is quite possible for you to learn shorthand without any tuition; but the hints that a good teacher can give you are very valuable, and it is an encouragement to see with what little effort a good shorthand-writer makes the symbols that seem difficult to a learner.

A. V. V.—The notion that it is not good to eat oysters in any month that has not an r in it is very ancient—at least two hundred and eighty-nine years old. It is to be found in a work published in 1599, and the sentence reads as follows: "It is unseasonable and unwholesome, in all months that have not an r in their name to eat an oyster.

ANXIOUS.—Whether a lottery is guaranteed by a government or not it is one of the worst forms of investment we are acquainted with as an investment. It is demonstrable mathematically that if a person were to put the same sum annually for twenty years in the same lottery (however guaranteed) the overwhelming odds would be that he would lose.

C. H.—To mend crockery ware, use the white of an egg and lime. Take enough of the egg to mend one article at a time, and a small quantity of lime shaved off for the purpose. Apply quickly to the edges of the broken ware, placing them firmly together. It is not well to make a large quantity of the mixture at once, as it hardens very soon, and is rendered useless.

C. H.—The word peer in England is commonly used to designate a Lord of Parliament, all of which body (the House of Lords) are called the Sovereign's peers, not because they are in any sense equal in authority, but because they constitute the Sovereign's highest court. Members of certain classes, called peers of the realm, hold seats in the House of Lords by hereditary right.

D. T. S.—The best course for you to pursue is to wait until the young man shows a greater interest in you. Girls who give their love unsought make a great mistake. We think that it would be discreet for you to endeavor to divert your thoughts and feelings from this young man, as they are evidently thrown away upon him. There is no way in which you can attract him now.

C. R. P.—Otters are plentiful in British America, where thousands are killed every year for their fur. They are found in almost all parts of the world. Their food is chiefly fish. Their paws are webbed for swimming. Their fur in summer is almost black, but in winter it turns to a beautiful reddish brown. It is generally short, thick, and fine. In China, mandarins of high rank wear otter fur as a mark of office. The sea otter is much like the seal, with a head like that of a cat.

LAURA.—To overcome bashfulness, mingle freely in society, and endeavor to lose self-consciousness. If you are of a nervous temperament and easily confused, you should abstain from the use of everything that excites. Such articles, for instance, as tea, coffee, wines, spices, and tobacco, excite the nerves, and render the action of the heart irregular, and a disturbed physical condition cannot but affect the mental powers. Get rid of your nervousness, and your bashfulness will be more than half conquered.

C. W. J.—William Irvine (not Irving), the American Revolutionary soldier to whom reference is made, was a native from Ireland. He took part with the colonies at the beginning of the Revolution. During the war he was promoted to the rank of brigadier-general, and in 1787 he became a member of Congress. He was also a member of the same body from 1793 to 1795. He took part in quelling the "Whisky Insurrection" in Pennsylvania, and was prominent in many important movements in the State. He died in Philadelphia, July 30, 1804.

POET.—Yes, it is true astronomers have lately noticed on the planet Mars certain luminous points arranged in triangles, squares, and rectangles. There are excellent reasons they say for believing that these luminous points are nothing more or less than signals being made by the astronomers or engineers on Mars to the inhabitants of our earth. It is assumed, of course, that there are inhabitants on Mars, that they have optical instruments as powerful as ours, and that they watch with attention and curiosity our earth. As geometry is the same throughout the universe, and as twice two makes four on Mars as on the earth, the only available way of signalling to a distance of some fifty million miles is by a system of geometrical figures.

AN EVENING MUSING.

BY W. L. G.

Lo! in the west the golden-colored isles
  Of fleecy cloudlets seem to lie and dream;
The gazer looks with pleasure o'er the miles
  So tiring in the early fervent beam.

The night-moths wander from the snow-white sprays
  With aimless course; and joyous fly and flit
Along the borders of the garden ways
  Through odors thick where crocus-lamps are lit.

Sweet scenes, sweet sights of pensive eventide,
  We hail your reign, an earnest of that Shore
Where Love shall welcome those with sorrow tried,
  And where the mourner shall not sorrow more.

Siege of Sunda Gunge.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

ON the 1st of July, 1857, the Indian Mutiny was at its height. For ten days the little British Station at Sunda Gunge had been besieged by the insurgent Sepoys.

The Station was divided into two portions: the lower, consisting of the Indian village, and the upper, part of which, including the magazine and the British Residency, was strongly fortified. Within this portion the English residents had retired on the first signal of approaching danger. The rebels fortunately possessed only one small piece of cannon, which had proved quite ineffectual against the walls of the inclosure. Provisions were not scarce, and up to the present moment the garrison had entertained strong hopes of being able to hold out until relief arrived.

Suddenly a new and unexpected danger had arisen.

The buildings inclosed within the fortifications formed an open square. In the middle of the square was the well which supplied the garrison with water. About five o'clock in the afternoon a group of several persons were standing within the shelter of an archway which opened into the square, and gazing with looks of consternation and dismay in the direction of the well.

The cause of their alarm was singular.

The town was situated at the foot of a range of hills, and from one particular point upon the slopes outside the walls the well in the middle of the square was visible. This the Sepoys had at length discovered. Their single piece of cannon was at once posed at this point, and brought to bear exactly on the well within the town. The result of this proceeding is self-evident. If one of the garrison should now venture into the square for the purpose of fetching water, he would run an imminent risk of being blown to atoms by a volley of grape shot.

The group of spectators looked in silence at the well. The same thought occupied the minds of all. There were women in the garrison—delicate English ladies, girls, and children—and within the room set apart for the purpose of a hospital wounded men were moaning for water. Water, at all costs, must be had—even in face of a vigilant enemy and a loaded cannon. But how?

Over a fringe of mango trees and the roofs of some low bungalows to the right of the square, a knot of dusty figures could be described at a certain point on the hillside. The dark point marked the spot where the cannon was posted. Even as the spectators looked towards it the cannon boomed—there came a puff of smoke and a flash of fire—and at the same moment the ground about the mouth of the well was torn up by a fierce hail of shot. The gunners were trying their range, and what is more, it was only too evident that they had found it.

The spectators looked significantly at one another. Four of the group were English soldiers, the rest were natives. Of the latter, two were water-carriers, each of whom carried about his waist a large hollow belt of skin, capable of containing several gallons of water. The duty of these men was, in ordinary times, one of no particular danger. But now the case was altered. There they stood trembling, their dusky faces turning to a sickly yellow, as they stared at the space of shattered ground which the storm of shot had torn up all round the mouth of the well. The other natives were all Sikhs, and these, with the impassive courage of their race, looked on calmly and betrayed no emotion.

Of the Englishmen, two were private soldiers; the other two were officers—Colonel Dundas, the officer in charge of the garrison, and a young lieutenant, St. George Vane. The Colonel was a tall, gray man, grave, stern and martial. The Lieutenant was a young man of not more than five or six and twenty, with blue eyes, fair moustache and careless, handsome features, much bronzed by exposure to the sun.

The Colonel was the first to speak.

"This is an awkward business, Vane," he said. "We might drive these cowards to the well, but they will certainly be blown to pieces, and we shall get no water. And at night, with this moon, it is as light as day. One could see a mouse stirring."

"True," said Vane reflecting, "yet—stay! one of us might go out alone and try to bring in water. If they hit him, as they most likely will, three or four others can be ready to rush out, and may bring him in and the water as well, before they have time to load again," and he looked inquiringly at the Colonel's face, eager to learn what he thought of the proposal.

"The cannon is not the only danger," said the Colonel. "They have rifles there as well."

"True," said Vane, "but a rifle at that range would most likely miss—a shower of grape is different."

The Colonel hesitated. No commander likes to send brave men on desperate ventures. But he could see no other scheme which would not involve much greater risk of life with still less prospects of success. And they must reach the well in some way—the necessity was vital. If once their supply of water were cut off their chance was gone. They could not last twelve hours.

Vane had kept his eyes fixed upon the Colonel's face.

"Let me try," he said, eagerly. "Give me a few men—a score will volunteer—and we will laugh at these black scoundrels yet."

The Colonel hesitated—but only for a moment. There was no man in the garrison whom he valued and trusted more than St. George Vane. He knew well the danger of the proposed adventure, and he knew well, also, that Vane, if he were allowed to undertake it, would never rest until his task succeeded, or he himself were killed in the attempt. But, in warfare, private feelings must give way to the general good. After a moment the Colonel laid his hand on the young man's shoulder and said, briefly:

"Try!"

* * * * * *

An hour or two later Vane entered his own room.

It was a large apartment, situated at the back of the walled inclosure, which, on account of its size, had come to be used by the officers as a common-room. Its windows opened on a wide veranda, which extended the whole length of the building, having the windows of other rooms also opening upon it. The largest of these rooms had been set apart for the use of the ladies of the garrison, and, as the veranda was cool, shady and retired, they were often accustomed to sit there, in preference to breathing the close heat of the room within.

At the moment when Vane entered two figures were sitting on the veranda, not far from his own window—two girls. One of these was a tall, slight girl, pale and light-haired—not handsome, nor even remarkable, except for her eyes, which were large, gray, serious, and, when at rest, deep rather than bright. Her companion, on the other hand, was a girl of singular beauty—a girl with dark hair, dark eyes, rather full red lips, and skin of soft and flower-like bloom. The name of the pale girl was Mary Sulland; that of the beautiful one was Lenora Dundas. The latter was the Colonel's daughter; Mary Sulland was his ward. Before the mutiny they had lived, together with an old English servant, Mrs. Jessop, in the Colonel's bungalow, outside the fortified inclosure.

The characters of these two girls we will leave to reveal themselves as we proceed, only recording the relatives in which they stood to St. George Vane, who had known them both since they were children.

Like all men of her acquaintance, Vane admired Lenora greatly, and sometimes half believed himself in love with her, and whether he were really so or not, he had been accustomed for years to call himself her worshipper. On the other hand, though he liked Mary Sulland very warmly, and would have done anything in his power to give her pleasure, he never told himself that he was in love with her, nor even thought about it.

Both the girls, on their side, regarded Vane with feelings far different from those of ordinary interest. But it is character istic of each, that while Lenora never forgot that Vane was a rich man, Mary Sulland never gave the fact a thought, nor would have considered the subject of much interest if she had.

The two girls were now alone on the veranda, anxious, restless and uneasy. It is true that at that moment nothing alarming was either to be seen or heard. No noise of war was in the air; scarcely a sound disturbed the evening silence. In the earlier days of the siege there had been continued assaults upon the walls, but these had now been given up as hopeless, and, except for the distant humming of the human swarms among the huts and bazaars of the Sepoys round the walls, the place was still. But "over all there hung a cloud of fear"—a sense of impending danger, as of the sword hanging by a single thread: the cruel uncertainty as to what is going to happen, which makes the peculiar horror of a passive siege. In such a situation the ear is always listening, the nerves are ready to start at every sound, and the mind is kept stretched constantly upon the rack.

Vane, on entering the room, had no knowledge that the two girls were at that moment on the veranda, so near to his own window. He had just been round the station, and had got together with some difficulty half-a-dozen men who could be spared from active duty at the watch-posts on the walls; and these, as he had given orders, were now collected about the door of the room, awaiting his arrival. Four were English, two were Sikhs—every man of them, as Vane knew well, to be trusted to the death.

These men he now placed on one side of the table, while he himself stood on the other. Then, in a few words he explained to them the nature of the service for which they were required; adding that he only wished for volunteers, and that any man who disliked the duty might retire at once. Not a man stirred, however. The Sikhs saluted gravely: the British soldiers, true to the immemorial custom of their race when called upon to face a special danger, broke into a cheer.

Vane looked round him, and his eyes glistened; but he said simply:

"The man that goes out first will run by far the greatest risk. Who will undertake that duty?"

There were, as already stated, six men present, besides Vane himself. Six right hands immediately saluted—there were six competitors for the privilege of being the first mark of the Sepoys' cannon. Vane smiled.

"We must draw lots, I see," he said.

Opening a shadow drawer in the table, he took out of it a pack of cards.

"Here are seven of us," he continued. "I am going to deal these cards all round. Whichever of us receives a certain card—we will say the Knave of Spades—will be the man selected."

He cut the pack. The deal began.

A hush fell on the six spectators—a hush of rising interest. Except for the slight fluttering noise made by the falling cards, not a sound was to be heard. Strange that there is something in suspense which affects the mind more strongly than the actual danger. These men had volunteered, without a space of hesitation, to face the risk of death. Yet not one of them could now look on without a tingling of the blood, as they waited for the card to fall which carried a man's life!

Such was their absorption that they did not see two faces which came suddenly peeping in upon them through the window of the room.

The two girls on the veranda had been startled by hearing all at once the sound of voices in the room close by them. From their position they could not avoid overhearing every word that passed. They heard the short speech in which Vane announced to the men the danger which threatened the walls, and the duty which was expected of them; they heard his appeal for volunteers, and then the cheer which followed. So far they had remained motionless, eagerly drinking in the details of the proposed adventure; but when Vane took out the pack of cards in order to select a man by lot, to listen, without seeing, was impossible—and in a minute the two faces came peeping in at the window in the manner just described.

From this position they could see clearly every card as it was dealt. The cards fell slowly, one by one, before each man in turn. The deal went round—card by card, as it appeared, the focus of nine pairs of eager eyes. The second deal went round—no Knave of Spades as yet appeared. The fourth began; would that complete the circuit of the seven? The pack was growing thin, and expectation deepened now with every card. Where was the Knaves of Spades? It must come soon! Again the cards went round.

No! Not quite. As the last card of the round fell face upwards on the table, a thrill went through the nerves of the spectators. The two girls at the window shrank back suddenly, as if they had been shot. There was the fatal card at last! The lot had fallen to Vane himself!

The young man laughed lightly as he threw down the pack.

"That decides it," he said; "I go first. You will meet me at the archway in half an hour from this time; it will then be dusk, and we will give ourselves what chance we can. I shall go out alone; the rest of you will wait under cover of the archway, and will rush out the moment they fire at me. If I fail, two of you must bring me in—Sanderson and King can do it. The other four must try to get a bucketful of water each—there will be time for that, I think, though it will be sharp work. Remember, at the archway, with all ready, in half an hour."

* * * * * *

The men saluted and filed out. Vane was left alone. He turned, and was about to seat himself at the table, when to his surprise he saw a figure standing in the window of the room. He looked again—and saw that it was Lenora. What could have brought her there he knew not; the truth he did not guess. Wondering, he took a step or two in her direction, and was about to ask her what she wished, when she came hurriedly forward and stood beside him.

"St. George," she said, "you must not go—you shall not go. Tell me you will not; promise me."

As she spoke, he thought, for the first time, of the veranda; she knew what he was going to do. He would much rather that she had not known; but he answered simply, "It is my duty, Lenora."

"Duty!" she repeated with impatience. "Oh yes—but do not go! Send some one else; surely there are plenty of men. Do not go, St. George." She laid her hand upon the young man's arm, and looked up into his eyes.

Great is the power of beauty—though it be the beauty of Delilah. It could not make a man like Vane forgetful of his duty, or shake for more than a moment his natural resolution. But as he looked down at the lovely lips which tempted him, he did not turn at once away. And yet her words jarred on him. He felt no surprise; he knew Lenora well; but he would have chosen that the girl to whom he gave his love, though she might part from him in agony of mind, would not have had him shirk his duty in face of danger. Love might be dearer to her than life, but honor should be dearer than either.

He was on the point of speaking, when there appeared at the window of the room another figure. They both looked up and saw it. It was Mary Sulland. Her face was very pale, and as she came forward a close observer might have seen that she was trembling. But her eyes shone with a strange light, and when she spoke, her voice, though low, was thrilling in its distinctness. Her first words showed that she had not overheard, or had not understood what had already passed between Lenora and St. George.

"We know where you are going," she said with shining eyes. "Lenora shall not be alone in bidding you God-speed before you go. I have come to do so, too;" and, as she spoke, she looked as a Spartan maiden may have looked when she sent her lover forth to death or glory.

At the first sound of her voice Vane started. Their eyes met, and one might have thought that some reflection of the light in hers had flashed into his own. Without a word he took her hand and pressed it to his lips. Then with the same action of farewell to Lenora he turned away to go, reached the door of the apartment, and was gone.

The whole scene was over almost in a moment. Yet scenes as brief have often been the turning point of lives—and so it was to be with these.

* * * * * *

Lenora, with a half-hysterical laugh, turned to the window and and went out. Mary Sulland was left alone. Suddenly she sank upon a chair and burst into such a passion of tears as shook her very frame.

It is not in the nature of any woman, however nobly made, however jealous of the honor of the man whom she regards, not to feel, at such a moment, a cruel agony of mind. She was alone. The excitement which had sustained her was already over, and now the hard, plain fact, without disguise, pressed itself remore-

lessly upon her soul. Her hero had gone forth to almost certain death.

Her hero—Yes—he was her hero. She made no secret of it now, in her own heart. She loved him well. Gladly would she have given her own life for his. But, alas! what could she do!

All at once a wild thought struck her. Her cheek flamed; the old light kindled in her eyes. She started to her feet, pale, eager-eyed and trembling—trembling now with new excitement. She seemed like one possessed by a spirit stronger than her own—by an impulse overmastering and resistless. For a moment or two she stood motionless, her eyes gleaming. Then turning, not to the window, but to the door, she hurried from the room.

She went straight to her own chamber. In a few minutes she came out again. She was now draped in a long close gray dressing-gown, which completely covered her own dress. Her tall, slight figure, thus garmented, looked like nothing so much as a gray ghost—and like a ghost, in the failing light of evening, she glided out of her chamber, and passed along the passages and down a flight of stairs.

All at once she stopped. Some noise alarmed her. And now she was afraid—afraid, not of what she was about to do, being seen and thwarted in the execution of her plan. Presently, all being still, she again stole forward. The men were, for the most part, busy at their posts about the fortifications, and the part of the station through which she had to pass was almost deserted. Fortune favored her, besides; no eye observed her as she stole upon her way.

At last, to her infinite relief, she reached her destination. She stood in the archway which let out into the square.

It was still empty. Vane's volunteers had gone in search of the articles required for the adventure, and had not yet arrived. The open court was before her; and there, in the middle of it, was the well.

She knew the archway well!—its image had been clear to her mind's eye all along. It was a kind of tunnel, or covered passage, of brickwork, some half-a-dozen yards in length. Near the outer end of the archway there was a buttress, and beyond it a recess or deep niche in the masonry. The niche was close beside the buttress on the side towards the square.

The gray figure reached the buttress—glided into the recess—and disappeared.

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Five minutes passed—ten minutes. Then the sound of steps was heard, and men entered the room immediately afterwards he appeared, together with another officer—the surgeon.

By this time the sun had sunk, and but for the rising moon it would have been quite dark. As it was, the interior of the archway was in gloom, but the open square outside was bathed in light—a light uncertain, shadowy, spectral, yet permitting any object moving in it to be distinctly seen. The woodwork which had supported the windlass of the well had been shattered by a shot, and now stood in ruins; but the chain remained intact, its end twisted round a broken stump, and the bucket hung in safety inside the opening of the well.

No time was lost. Vane spoke a word or two, by way of last directions to the men; then taking a bucket in his hand, so that if by any chance he escaped the shot he might do his share in bringing in the water, he turned towards the square. That his chance was very slight, he knew. And as he turned to go forth into the range of the cannon, his face, though resolute, was grave.

He had already taken a step or two in advance, when he suddenly stopped short.

What was that? A soft, gray, ghostly figure started out of the wall in front of him, and flitted forth into the open air. Before he had recovered from his amazement it had already reached the well. For the space of an instant it stood there motionless, then, as if desiring rather to attract attention than to shun it, it raised both arms above its head and waved them in the moonlight. In a moment—just as Vane, recovering a little started out of the archway—the cannon thundered; a storm of shot whistled in the air, ploughed up the ground, and rattled among the ruined woodwork of the well.

Vane was still outside its range, and no shot struck him. But the phantom figure—what of it? He looked, and thrilled. What dark thing was that which now lay motionless beside the mouth of the well? He had not seen the figure fall—but it was down upon the ground!

* * * * * *

When the night was past, when the next day shone, when the dial-finger marked the hour a little after noon, the garrison of Sunda Gunge was shaken suddenly by strange excitement. First, there became audible a noise of wild confusion in the encampment of the Sepoys round the walls. It grew—it gathered volume; it swelled into a tumult. Guns fired, voices yelled, a sound was heard as of the stampede of innumerable feet. Then, drowning every other sound, arose the loud hurraying of English voices; and this, taken up by those inside the garrison, became in a few minutes a perfect tempest of wild cheering, ringing far and near.

Suddenly—unexpectedly—relief had come. The rebels were flying in all directions; their camp was in the hands of English soldiers. The siege of Sunda Gunge was over.

It is not our purpose to dwell upon the scene that followed. From that tumult of wild joy, of almost fierce excitement, we must turn away follow St. George Vane.

As soon as the fact of the relief was certain, he stepped out of the crowd and made his way, alone and unperceived, along the deserted passages to a certain room which lay in the rear of the walled buildings. It was the very room from which the night before a slender, gray-draped figure had stolen softly out.

Just as he reached the door and was hesitating at the threshold, Mrs. Jessop, who had been called out by the noise of the cheering, was seen returning in a state of much excitement. Vane accosted her eagerly, but in low tones. "Is she better? Can I see her yet?" he said.

"She is much better; she is dressed and sitting up. But the noise alarmed her. She does not know the cause of it. Will you come in and tell her?"

Vane followed her into the room. In a large chair, next the window, looking very white and weak, with a bandage round her temples, where the shot had grazed and stunned her, sat Mary Sulland. As Vane entered she looked round. He paused, and for some seconds the two regarded each other.

He had not seen her since, the night before, he had carried her, swooning, to her room. He had heard, with infinite relief, that the wound was not serious, and, inquiring hourly at her door throughout the night, he had learnt that the swoon was passing off, and that with some hours of rest there would be little to be feared. Yet now, as he stood before her, even the great event which had just happened was less present to his mind than anxiety to satisfy himself, with his own eyes, that she was safe. The shock which he had felt at the moment when he had raised her in his arms, and caught sight of her white face in the moonlight, was with him still. He had felt at that instant a certainty that she was killed.

And indeed she had had a wonderful escape.

Every sportsman who has tried his gun at a sheet of blank paper knows that it will sometimes happen that, while the paper will be spitted thick with pellets, there will sometimes be a space left free of shots—large enough, perhaps, to have let the game escape, however true the aim. It had so happened here. Amidst the storm of shot, only one had grazed her; the rest had whistled past without harm. But where her slender figure had so narrowly escaped a man, being of larger bulk, would inevitably have been struck down. Mary Sulland had, in fact, been slightly wounded, where Vane would have been killed.

During the hours of night, while he had wandered up and down outside her door, too restless to seek for sleep, he had thought of all these things. He thought of the girl who had risked her life for his; he had let his memory go back into the past, and call to mind all that he had owed to Mary Sulland through the years that he had known her; how all his noblest aspirations, dreams, ambitions, had come from her, or had been fostered or strengthened by her sympathy, and he had wondered how it was that he himself had never realized, till now, what she had been to him. And now, as he stood beside her, as he looked at her again, he wondered more and more.

The look of inquiry on her face recalled him to himself.

"I am forgetting," he said. "I am glad to be the first to bring the good news. I see you guess it. Yes, relief has come. The siege is over."

She looked at him with eagerness. One thought filled her mind—it forced a passage to her lips.

"Then you will not have to go again for water?"

As the words escaped her she flushed red. Her action of the night before had hardly been her own—so overmastering had been the impulse which had hurried her away. And now, like a woman, she was troubled by a doubt—what would he think of her? Had she, in thrusting herself between him and danger, forfeited forever his esteem? How could she expect that he would understand.

He did understand, however—at least partly. He saw that she was troubled and he took the best course possible to set her at her ease. He meant to regard what she had done as a matter which, between themselves, required no explanation. As for others, they knew nothing. Except that she had been slightly hurt by a stray piece of shot, no one, not even the Colonel or Lenora, knew the truth. The men who had been at the archway had only the vaguest idea of what had passed. The secret was their own.

"No," he said, smiling, "I shall not have to go again. Nor, what is of much greater consequence, will you, Mary."

She answered with a smile. They understood each other. He was bending over her; she was looking up at him. Mrs. Jessop was not near them, and it was almost as if they were alone. From the distance came a noise of voices cheering, as if they never meant to stop, but in the room itself there was no sound but their own murmured talk.

"As soon as you are well again," he said, "I shall be very angry with you, Mary. I had a chance of getting the Victoria Cross, but now they will let you have it, I suppose."

She laughed softly, for his words were music to her. But it was not his words alone that thrilled her blood. She had won a richer prize than the Victoria Cross, and now she knew it. For in his eyes, as she looked up at them, she saw the flame of love.

The Escaped Lunatic.

BY N. T.

"HOW far am I from the tavern?"

"Three miles, sir."

The toll-gate keeper looked anxiously in my face as he held up his lantern, athwart which the gusts of rain dashed furiously.

"What time is it?"

He glanced over his shoulder, through the half-open door, where fire and candle-light gleamed cheerily upon the face of a cheap wooden clock.

"Nine o'clock, sir,"

I spurred on my horse, with a word or two of thanks, the closing door of the toll-house shutting out all warmth and light and human companionship, and I was once more alone in the wind and storm and pitchy darkness. No matter—three miles was no distance worth speaking of. I should soon be within shelter; so I patted my horse's neck, and spoke soothingly to him.

"Old fellow, don't be nervous. Heaven's artillery will hurt neither of us, and you shall have a feed of oats and a snug dry stable very soon!"

Sultan tossed his superb head, as if he fully comprehended my encouraging words, and quickened his pace. But at that instant a blaze of lightning more brilliant and vivid than I had yet experienced, revealed the whole surrounding scenery to me in ghastly distinctness—deep woods, through which the narrow road wound sinuously—a sunken, zigzag fence on each side, and—could it have been possible that I was mistaken? or did a white, terrified face glare at mine through the low cedar thickets, in that instant of illumination?

"Hallo!" I cried out, listening intently for some other sound than the rush of the rain and the perpetual flutter of moving foliage in the wind. But no sound was returned. Twice I repeated the summons—twice it was in vain.

"We are dreaming, Sultan," I said, encouragingly, to my horse. "Come, get on, old fellow, or we shall fancy ourselves hemmed in by witches."

I am not a nervous man by nature, but those three miles seemed to me the longest three I had ever traversed, and unconsciously I kept listening for footsteps on the side of the road, watching for pale, frightened faces; and when at last the ruddy lights of the wayside tavern gleamed through the dense misty darkness, I welcomed them with a glad heart.

That night I slept the dull, heavy sleep of a thoroughly wearied man, and rose, depressed and unrefreshed, in the morning. Not even the fragrant slices of ham and the good coffee could inspire me with an appetite.

"Bring me my bill, landlord, if you please," I said.

"I'm sorry you should have been delayed, sir," said the fat and jolly Boniface, bustling in, "but the servants have just come in from the village, and they're telling me of a very extraordinary occurrence—a lunatic, sir—one of their worst cases, escaped from the asylum, and at large in the woods!"

"A lunatic!" I exclaimed. I felt the blood ebb away from my cheeks as I remembered the white face among the cedar thickets of the wilderness.

"What time did he escape?" I asked.

"About seven o'clock, sir," he replied.

And I had seen the apparition at a little after nine. Then it was no optical delusion—no spectre of a disordered imagination.

"I paid my bill without a word; then I told my host what I had seen.

"Dear me, sir," said the excited landlord. "But they're on his track; they'll soon secure him."

"Landlord," I said, as I drew on my gloves, "is it far to Arch Hall?"

"Arch Hall, sir? Squire Ackley's? Only about two miles by the footpath through the woods—six by the high road."

I waited an instant. Bright and warm the summer morning sunshine streamed in upon the floor; softly the breeze stirred the creepers that trailed over the porch pillars. I thought of Sultan, already overwearied.

"I have half a mind to walk, and let you send Sultan after me this afternoon," I said.

"It's just a pleasant walk, sir," said mine host, rubbing his hands and smiling. "Squire Ackley an old friend of yours?"

"Yes—no; I have never seen him. He was my brother's friend."

The landlord looked at the deep mourning weed on my hat, and nodded.

"Are you expected, sir?" he asked.

"I suppose so," I replied.

Other questions no doubt my landlord would have asked, but I checked them by inquiring the exact way, and set forth.

It was a lonely path, lying through a solitary glen. The trees were yet drenched and dripping from the storm of the night before, and as I pushed my way through overhanging bushes, the drops of moisture drenched me with miniature showers; but I cared not.

"I was picking my way over the stones that lay across a rivulet directly in the path, when, looking up, I met the gaze of dark eyes.

A man, wearing a little Scotch cap, and with his hair and clothing sprinkled with bright drops, stood before me. He must have sprung down the steep hillside, with almost incredible agility. Pale, with dark eyes, and wet, matted hair pushed away from his high white forehead, he seemed to me to bring back the scene of the night before—the wooded wilderness, and the blue-white gleam of the lightning.

"I wish you a good morning, sir," he said, pleasantly. "I confess I didn't expect to meet strangers in this out-of-the way place."

I returned his salutation, somewhat stiffly. He glanced at my dress, which probably bore the impress of my journey of the night before.

"Ah," he said, jocosely, "so you were out in the rain last night?"

Was I only giving vent to my suspicions, or was the crafty cunning of madness in his eye as he looked at me, as if to sound whether I remembered him or not?

I looked him steadily in the eye as I answered, "Yes, and you were, too."

He started, and his eyes suddenly fell before mine—a deep crimson spot burned an instant in each cheek and then left them paler than before.

"You are mistaken, sir," he said.

I resolved to humor the whim of the instant, more particularly as I caught sight of the gleam of a silver-mounted revolver in his inside coat pocket.

Truly this was no pleasant predicament, to be alone in the woods with a madman, and an armed madman, too. I had faced death, undaunted. I had lain in a fever trance and heard the physicians whisper of me, "There is not the shadow of hope for him," yet never before had I felt such a sickening thrill of terror, such an appalling nearness of death, as now came over me. What should I do? where should I turn? I resolved to conciliate him as far as possible.

"A lonely place," I said, trying to speak composedly.

"Yes." I could see that he was watching me intently as we walked along, never taking his eye off me, and my blood ran cold at the glitter of that unnaturally brilliant eye.

"Are we far from the high-road?" I asked.

"About half a mile," he said.

I dropped a little back; with one spring he was by my side.

"The path is narrow," I apologized, "and——"

"Wide or narrow, I prefer walking side by side," he said, sternly, with a downward glance at the weapon lying against his breast, and a menacing look at me.

"Certainly," I stammered, "certainly."

But what had been half defined doubt before, became open apprehension now. I felt the full peril of my position. Should I be murdered in this solitary glen, with no human aid near, no mortal ear to catch my dying cry? No one could prophesy how or when the fearful malady of my unwelcome companion would burst into open fury! I did not like the expression of his face as I glanced sidewise at it; but I ventured no more questions. The cold perspiration stood on my forehead; the blood seemed congealing round my vitals; at every step I felt as if my limbs must give way beneath me.

I stopped an instant, ostensibly to fasten the lace of one of my walking-boots, which had become loose—actually to rest a moment. When I rose up again I was alone in the green, shifting light of the shadowy glen!

My companion had vanished!

I looked round, half expecting to see some rift in the mossy ground through which he had disappeared, or some rock behind which he had concealed himself; but no such "natural phenomena" presented themselves. I was standing on a sort of table-land, half-way up the steep ascent, and moving white birches waved their silvery arms and green chaplets of foliage around me. As I looked more closely; however, the faint tracery of a foot-path seldom used and little trodden became visible, branching off from the one upon which I stood, and losing itself in thick woods beyond.

My heart leaped up with a sensation of freedom and lightsomeness that pervaded every pulse. The Summer sunshine on the moss seem brightened with a new glow; the wild roses, nodding round my feet, seemed sweeter; and the song of the birds bore new meaning to my ears. Free, free at last! And I hastened my footsteps towards Arch Hall with a feeling that I was hurrying to some city of refuge.

The square chimney stacks came in sight at last, and I hailed the solid old structure with delight, springing over the light wire fence that divided the grounds from the glen, and striding up the walk with cheery footsteps.

I pulled the bell. A servant in plain black came to the door.

"Is Mr. Ackley in?" I asked.

"Yes, sir, master is at home," was the reply.

I gave the man my card, and sat down to wait in a little reception room at the right of the hall. Presently became back.

"Master is in his library, sir; will you please to walk in?"

I followed the man through a wide hall, floored with polished oak, to a handsome room, where a gentleman was standing at a table.

"Mr. Earnscliffe, I am delighted to welcome you to Arch Hall, both for——"

He stopped abruptly, and stared at me like one bewildered.

"Why, it's the lunatic!" he exclaimed.

"It's the madman!" I ejaculated, for, in very truth, my friend of the solitary glen stood before me, the revolver yet gleaming from his inside pocket."

"No, I am not a lunatic; I am Charles Earnscliffe," I said, beginning to see through our mutul misapprehensions.

"And I am Philip Ackley, no madder than I always am!" he exclaimed, clasping my hand cordially.

And in the same moment two or three men-servants burst into the hall.

"Sir, sir, if you please, they've caught the poor mad fellow——"

"Down in the woods by the toll-gate, hiding away!"

"And they've locked him safe up!"

Mr. Ackley and I stared at one another and at the servants an instant, and then burst into involuntary peals of laughter.

"Shake hands once more, Earnscliffe," said my host, genially. "Our acquaintance has begun oddly, but it shall none the less ripen into friendship."

Philip Ackley was right—he became my friend, and remained so until the day of his death.

WITH A SOUND MOTIVE.—The great Parisian dressmakers have a custom of charging a married woman more for her gowns than an unmarried woman is asked. An American lady, in Paris, recently commented upon this difference, which she had observed to the extent of ten pounds in two dresses identically alike. "Ah!" exclaimed the great modiste, "why not? Madame has a husband to pay her bills, but, you see, mademoiselle's dot must be looked out for, so that she may get a husband." Which is not so illogical as it at first seems.

A MONKEY SHOW.—Mr. Ober graphically describes an encounter with a troop of monkeys in the Mountains of Grenada. They were coming down a cliff by way of the vines which covered its face. "There were old monkeys," he says, "fathers of families, with serious countenances, cautiously feeling their way and sniffing the air; matronly monkeys, with young ones clinging about their necks, a world of care and responsibility in their faces; young and frisky monkeys, who came trooping down, hand under hand, snatching at a tail here and there, or tweaking an ear, as they tumbled over the slow-going parents, stopping a second now and then to bite the tail of some unfortunate baby, who would instantly set up a howl of anguish.

In a little while one of the troop reached the tree under which we sat, a young male about half grown. The negro boy at my side urged me, in excited whispers, to shoot! He, at least, had no misgivings on the score of relationship, though the resemblance between the two—the monkey in the tree and the monkey on the ground—was strong enough to excite a smile. I think the monkey in the tree must have noticed this resemblance, for he saw us just then, and stopped. The longer he contemplated my companion, the stronger seemed to become his conviction that he had found a long-lost brother. He let himself down by his tail, and beckoned for the negro to come up; and then began a series of evolutions that would have shamed an acrobat; all, evidently, with a desire of impressing his brother with the superior advantages of an arboreal life.

The little sinner beside me was all this time urging me to shoot that innocent animal in the tree, whose only fault consisted in being a monkey. But I could not. I should as soon have thought of shooting the clown who performed for my amusement.

I now regarded the whole thing as the "biggest show on earth," as an advertiser has it, and would not sully the pure enjoyment of it by what, I could not help thinking, would be murder in the first degree.

The little man in the tree swung himself into space and disappeared; in a few minutes he came skipping along, followed by a monkey of maturer years, evidently his mother, about whose neck was dangling an infant a few months old. To her the delighted reprobate pointed us out, inquiring in monkey language, probably, if those objects below were not "a man and a brother."

What a look of horror convulsed the old lady's face when she caught sight of us! She turned about with such violence as to jerk loose the infant, who fell to the ground. Maternal solicitude even could not arrest her flight, as she fled chattering to the vine-ladder, and hurriedly ascended it, followed by the wondering son. Jim darted forward to secure the youngster, but the latter was too agile, and gathered himself up and made off in safety.

CHARGED FOR THE "KNOW HOW."—The "know how" is generally so simple that one wonders, like those who saw Columbus make an egg stand, he did not know it. An illustration of this simplicity was recently given a jeweler's shop, to a woman who asked—

"Will you please saw this ring off my finger?"

She was an old woman, and as the worker in gold and silver took the wrinkled, though fat and shapely, hand in his, it trembled violently, and a tear dropped upon the counter.

"Excuse me," continued the lady, "but it is my wedding ring. I have never had it off since I was married—forty five years ago. I have refrained from having it cut, hoping that my finger might get thinner, and that I could take it off without breaking it."

"And what if I can remove it without cutting?" inquired the jeweler.

"But can you?" said she, looking up in credulous way. "If you can, do it by all means."

Then the jeweler took the swollen finger, and wound it round from the top downward in a length of flat india-rubber braid. The elastic cord exerted its force upon the tissues of the fingers gently and gradually until the flesh seemed to be pushed down almost to the bone. The old woman's hand was then held above her head for a brief interval. Then the bandage was quickly uncorded and rewound about the member.

This was repeated three times, and finally it was found upon uncovering the finger that it was small enough to admit of the ring being removed with ease.

"I have never failed but once," said the jeweler, "and I have removed many rings from fingers even more swollen than yours. Do I charge for it? Oh, yes, I ask the same amount that I should get if the ring were left to be mended after being cut. Thank you!"

As he turned to his bench and the old woman left the shop, he added—

"But, after all, she might have done the same thing herself. It's not work, however, I charge for. It's the 'know how.'"

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A New York girl while attending a funeral recently found herself in the same carriage with a discarded lover whom she had not seen for several years. They talked over old times and were soon on the best of terms again. On the return from the funeral they found their carriage occupied by a minister, and, deciding to make the most of the opportunity, they were married on the spot.

Advices from Buenos Ayres tell of an extraordinary murder trial in which the murderer, a professor of chemistry, killed his guests by inoculating them with the bacilli of cholera, and when assured that his conviction was certain completed the tragedy by taking a mysterious poison. It is a weird and ghastly story, and one which the up-to-date novelist and dramatists will scarcely fail to utilize in their respective crafts.

A San Francisco fisherman has a cat that is said to love water as much as other cats love a rug in front of a grate fire. When he goes fishing the cat lies quietly in the boat and does not appear to mind how wet he gets. When the seine with its load of live fish is hauled in, the cat seizes the largest one, trying to shake it as he would a mouse. He does it entirely for sport, as he never attempts to eat the large fish, and lives almost wholly on the smaller ones used for bait.

A remarkable instance of intelligence in a dog was exhibited in Denver recently. A well known physician was sitting on his front porch, when a small water spaniel walked up the steps from the sidewalk and threw herself on her left side at the Doctor's feet. He at once observed that something was wrong with her right eye, but after a skilful operation the sight was restored. The dog then left, but returned the following day and showed by her expression of delight how grateful she was to her benefactor.

A French conjuror, who was performing in Nantes, announced at a certain stage of the entertainment that his next trick would be to cut off the head of some one present, and he invited volunteers to come up and submit to the operation. Upon this a young man, "who was known to have quarreled recently with his fiance," presented himself with the resolution of despair, and everything had been made ready for his decapitation, when the lady, who was also present, broke into piercing screams, rushed on to the platform, seized her intended by the arm and dragged him from the hall.

A despatch from Montclair, N. Y., chronicles that on a recent Monday, at that place, Thomas Williams, a recently appointed colored special policeman, arrested a girl, about 15 years old, for peddling gingham aprons without a license. The girl did not submit to arrest without a struggle, for she clawed the officer's face, tore his clothes, and whacked him over the head with an umbrella. She was encouraged to resist arrest by the hackmen and bystanders. The officer took her to headquarters, and all along the route the girl struggled to get away. They were met by a Sewer Inspector, named Hyland, who thought the girl was ill-treated. He ran to the girl's aid and attempted to rescue her, but withdrew when the officer showed his badge. Williams had Inspector Hyland arrested for interfering with an officer.

Electricity is adding fresh proof to its claim of being the power of the future by its new conquests on sea as well as on land. For many years it has illuminated our great war ships, lighted up the darkness brooding over the deep with the far-piercing beams of the signal and search lights. Its career as a worker on board the vessels has, however, only just begun. The first important trials with electric motors were made to determine their utility in training the big guns. Further experiments have been made at Long Island Navy Yard, which have seemingly demonstrated the efficiency of electricity for turning the great turrets of our battle ships now under construction. Successful tests have been made on one of the single-turret monitors, a relic of the civil war. The giant war ships are already floating arsenals and machine shops, and seem destined also to become laboratories of electricity.

The French War Office has recently been occupied with a large number of inventions for the wholesale massacre of the enemy in the next great war. One of the inventors proposes that the Minister of War should subjugate and train squadrons of horse flies. These novel warriors, it is suggested, would be fed on blood smeared beneath a thin skin covering on dummy figures dressed as soldiers of the Triple Alliance. When diplomatic relations were near a breaking point, the flies would have the juice of certain poisonous plants added to their daily food, and when war should be declared the French army would merely have to send them as an advance guard in the path of the enemy.

WHEN A COMPLIMENT CAN BE PERILOUS.—A noted member of the French Academy, a poet, was lunching at a villa on the margin of the Lake of Geneva. Beside him sat a charming American girl, whom he seemed to wish to please by his conversation, agreeable manners, and his pretty way of putting things. Every time the plates were changed the poet was still eating, for he had been busy thinking and talking when the rest of the company were busy eating.

Presently it occurred to him that everyone was waiting for him. Finishing abruptly on one of these occasions, he turned to his lovely companion and remarked—

"It amounts to an infirmity with me; I eat so slowly."

"Indeed?" said the American girl. "I wish I could say that of myself, for it is an infirmity with me to eat too quickly. When I am talking to anyone, or thinking of other things, I almost bolt my food."

"Ah, Miss Transatlan," quickly said the Academician, "I consider that fortunate—it shows blood. The high-mettled, thoroughbred horse eats with great rapidity, almost with impatience. It is the outcome, the indication of his high spirit."

"But," said the American girl, unable to resist the temptation, "what have you to say of that other animal—the pig?"

MOTHER: "Ella, you have been playing all the afternoon with those toy soldiers. That's not a proper amusement for a big girl like you." Daughter: "But, mamma, I am not playing with the soldiers. I picked out the officers and played with them."

PATENTS

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There was never a time in the history of our country when the demand for inventions and improvements in the arts and sciences generally was so great as now. The conveniences of mankind in the factory and work-shop, the household, on the farm, and in official life, require continual accessions to the appurtenances and implements of each in order to save labor, time and expense. The political change in the administration of government does not affect the progress of the American inventor, who being on the alert, and ready to perceive the existing deficiencies, does not permit the affairs of government to deter him from quickly conceiving the remedy to overcome existing discrepancies. Too great care can not be exercised in choosing a competent and skilful attorney to prepare and prosecute an application for patent. Valuable interests have been lost and destroyed in innumerable instances by the employment of incompetent counsel, and especially is this advice applicable to those who adopt the "No patent, no pay" system. Inventors who entrust their business to this class of attorneys do so at imminent risk, as the breadth and strength of the patent is never considered in view of a quick endeavor to get an allowance and obtain the fee then due. THE PRESS CLAIMS COMPANY, John Wedderburn, General Manager, 618 F street, N. W., Washington, D. C., representing a large number of important daily and weekly papers, as well as general periodicals of the country, was instituted to protect its patrons from the unsafe methods heretofore employed in this line of business. The said Company is prepared to take charge of all patent business entrusted to it for reasonable fees, and prepares and prosecutes applications generally, including mechanical inventions, design patents, trade-marks, labels, copyrights, interferences, infringements, validity reports, and gives especial attention to rejected cases. It is also prepared to enter into competition with any firm in securing foreign patents.

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Our Young Folks.

POPSIE AND CRIMPLEJAW.

BY H. RICHARDS.

ONCE upon a time there was a giant called Crimplejaw; there was also an exceedingly good little girl named Popsie. They did not live in the same street—in fact, Crimplejaw lived up the mountain in a mighty cave between two leaning rocks, while Popsie lived at No. 1, Tidy Street. The town was right at the foot of the mountain, so whatever street you looked along you saw the mountain at the end of it, towering up to the very clouds; and there, too, half-way up the side, you saw the two leaning rocks where Crimplejaw lived; but though they looked so near, it was really a very long way from Tidy Street.

Crimplejaw did not eat boys and girls, fortunately; but he was a very troublesome giant all the same. He would come striding down the mountain every now and then, and do no end of harm in the neat little town. Sometime he put his foot through the roof of a cottage, and made a great hole that let the rain in; sometimes he would run after the boys and girls and tear their frocks, and pull the strings off their hats; and sometimes he would sow weeds all over the garden till the place were quite a wilderness. So, of course, Popsie made up her mind that Crimplejaw was just the sort of giant that ought to be taught better.

Well, one day she had a holiday, so she set off up the mountain to see if she could teach Crimplejaw better. And she walked and walked, and she climbed and climbed, and she was ever so tired before she got to Crimplejaw's cave. But she got there at last; and she took care not to go in at the door, but she climbed to the top of the rocks by a roundabout road, and stood on the roof of Crimplejaw's house. There was no smoke coming through the hole which served as a chimney, so she peeped down, and there she saw Crimplejaw lying fast asleep on a bundle of rags. Half the buttons were off the great greasy coat which he wore, his stockings were all down to his ankles, and his shoes down at heel; and altogether he looked the most disreputable giant you ever saw.

Presently Crimplejaw woke, and, looking up at the roof as he lay lazily upon his back, he spied Popsie peeping down the chimney. Directly he saw her he bellowed like fifty bulls; but Popsie was not going to be frightened by noise, so she waited till he had done, and then she called down the chimney, "Crimplejaw! why don't you pull your stockings up? Why don't you sew the buttons on your coat? and why don't you mend your shoes?"

But Crimplejaw only answered—

"You foolish young jackdaw,
Fly home to your nest;
I'll none of your preaching—
My own way is best."

"No, no, Crimplejaw," answered Popsie, "your own way is not best, though I daresay you like to have your own way, like other giants. But why don't you let us have our way, too, instead of spoiling our nice little town as you do?"

"Popsie, dear!" answered the giant, "do leave off your preaching, and come down here to help me mend my coat?"

"Oh! well," said Popsie, "if it comes to that, I don't mind doing you a good turn."

So she came down to the entrance of the cave and walked in.

"Here is the coat," said Crimplejaw, flinging it on the ground at Popsie's feet; "but wait a minute, have a soother?"

So saying, the giant poured out what looked like wine into a small vessel, and handed it to Popsie.

"No, thank you," said Popsie, "I am not thirsty."

"Well, well; just a sip," urged Crimplejaw, "for friendship's sake."

Popsie took a sip for friendship's sake, and the giant tossed the remainder of the liquid down his own throat. Directly he had taken it he stretched his limbs and fell into a heavy slumber; and even the sip that Popsie had taken made her feel so heavy that she had to shake herself and run into the fresh air to prevent herself from falling fast asleep. She began to think it would have been better if she had not gone into the cave, and found that she would have to give up teaching the self-willed giant better for that day, and get home as fast as her sleepy eyes and languid limbs would let her.

The days went by, and Popsie had another holiday. She thought of Crimplejaw; but where was the use of trying to teach such a self-willed giant better? and perhaps if she went to his den a second time she would not get off quite so well. He would send her home with a ragged frock, or a pinafore in tatters. So she went out into her neat little garden, and thought she would spend her holiday there instead. She fetched a basket, and looked about for any stray weeds that might be lurking in hidden corners.

While she was thus occupied, she spied a little bird, all of ruby red, hopping from branch to branch of the apple-tree, and as he hopped about he sang of golden pods, peas and foes.

"What an extraordinary bird!" exclaimed Popsie to herself. "I suppose the 'foe' means Crimplejaw; but where on earth can the golden pea-pod be?"

She looked all over the garden, but not the sign of a pea-pod could she find. Then she remembered that the red bird that it was growing from the sod. So she went into the paddock where the old gray pony lived, and there, sure enough, was the pea vine climbing up a hazel-bush; and there hung the golden pod, which the old gray pony was contemplating with a solemn countenance

"Well, to be sure!" ejaculated Popsie; "there it is all the time! And now for the four little peas."

She plucked the pod and opened it, and what should she find inside but four little golden peas, all in a row, with words written round about them, one word round each pea.

Patience.
Perseverence.
Prudence.
Punctuality.

Those were the four words written round the four peas, and now that she had them Popsie did not know what to do with them. So she thought and thought. And at last, up she jumped from the bank where she was sitting and shouted aloud "I know!"

"I know!" shouted Popsie, and into the house she skipped, with the pea-pod in her hand. She ran to her mother and asked if she might bake a little cake, and her mother said she might. So she went to the kitchen, and got the flour and the currants and put them in the bowl, and mixed them well, and into the middle of the flour and currants she put the four little peas. She added the water, and a little salt out of the salt-box, and all the other things that cooks put into currant cakes, and then she put it into the oven; and all the time that the cake was baking Popsie was dancing about, round and round the kitchen, upstairs and downstairs, into the garden and back again, singing to herself as she danced—

"Bake! oven, bake
Old Crimplejaw's cake!
And get it done rapidly, please.
Burn! fire, burn!
Till it's done to a turn;
The cake with the four little peas!"

So the oven did its very best, and baked the cake right through, and nice and brown all over, long before Popsie's holiday was at an end.

Then Popsie put on her hat and took the cake, and sped up the mountain with the foot of a gazelle. And when she reached the cave she cried, "Crimplejaw! Crimplejaw! come out and have some cake?"

"Let me see it," grunted Crimplejaw, crawling out of his den.

"Here it is," cried Popsie; "does it not look good?"

"Let me smell it," grunted Crimplejaw.

"Certainly," answered Popsie, "take it and smell it by all means."

"Let me taste it," grunted Crimplejaw; and in the twinkling of an eye he thrust the whole cake into his great mouth. Then he burst into a roar of laughter which shook the rocks. "Ho! ho! you didn't think I should eat it all, did you?" he cried.

"I don't mind," laughed Popsie, skipping about. "I made it on purpose for you.

And even while she spoke, lo! the four little magic peas began to do their work. Crimplejaw began to shrink. He grew smaller and smaller, and shorter and shorter, till at length he was no bigger than any other man. And he went and lived in the neat little town, in a snug little house in Tidy Street, and he became Popsie's gardener, and kept the garden—oh—ever so trim!

HE KNEW IT WELL.—Australian vintages have now acquired a character that protects them from being sneered out of consumption; but still the following story is too good to be lost.

Some sable sons of the soil paid a friendly visit to the station of a well-known squatting squatter. He was unfortunately out of grog, and his visitors were accustomed to entertainment of that kind, and would not be denied. So he gave them half a case of vinegar, upon which they commenced a carouse.

After his first tumbler, the spokesman of the party, not without a wry face, very politely observed—

"This budgery—very good—often drink this—know it well—this colonial wine!"

LITTLE SUNNY.

BY T. M. A.

"TWO invitations for you, Sunny," said Mrs. Nethercote, looking across the breakfast-table towards her little daughter: "one from Aunt Maggie, inviting you to spend a fortnight with the children while the skating lasts."

"Oh, how lovely!" from Sunny, meanwhile.

"And," continued Mrs. Nethercote, "the other from poor Aunt Anne, begging that you may stay (also for a fortnight) with her at Bath. She says in her letter: 'I know I am an old and uninteresting companion for a child, but my heart yearns to see your little Sunny again.' Now, my child, I must leave you to decide for yourself. I think you will soon find out which invitation you ought to accept"; and with these words she left the room.

Little Sunny, or Laura Nethercote, was an only child, and she had been brought up to decide for herself between right and wrong. She was naturally a very bright and sweet-tempered child, and thus won the love of many hearts.

As soon as breakfast was over Sunny went out into the garden for a little time to think about the invitations. She thought of the little cousins, gay, rosy, and laughing, skating on the pond, with kind Uncle Fred, and Aunt Maggie, and the fun she would have at Galton, sailing with the boys. And then came the thought of a pale, weary, but kind face, patiently bearing the racking pain of rheumatism. Yes, this poor aunt was crippled with rheumatism, and the brightest times in her life were when Sunny would come to spend a day with her.

"Which shall it be?" It was a very hard struggle, but Sunny's better nature was victorious, and before that day was over an answer of acceptance was sent to poor suffering Aunt Anne.

The next few days passed quickly, and on the following Tuesday, amid many "Good-byes" and "Be a good girl, darling," Sunny set off with her father for Bath.

At Bath Station Mr. Nethercote left his little girl in charge of old "Sarah," Aunt Anne's faithful maid, and Sunny was soon installed by Aunt Anne's side, chattering happily, while auntie's face grew brighter and brighter. Sunny was very happy during her stay, though sometimes she could not help thinking of the fun she might have had; but she quickly put that thought away.

Aunt Anne's pain seemed to grow less under the influence of Sunny's cheerfulness, but at last the day came when Mr. Nethercote fetched away his little sunbeam, and indeed Aunt Anne felt lonely then.

On the way home, Mr. Nethercote told Sunny that there were "two great surprises" awaiting her at home.

Sunny wondered much, but she could not guess.

When the carriage stopped at the door, and Sunny once more saw her mother, she sprang into her arms when Mrs. Nethercote kissed the radiant little face, saying, as she led her into the house—

"There is a surprise for you! Three of your little cousins are coming to stay here for a month!"

Oh, how Sunny skipped and clapped her hands with joy! but after dinner another surprise awaited her, in the shape of a large box.

"That is for you, dear," said Mrs. Nethercote. "You may undo it."

Sunny undid the parcel with hands trembling with excitement, and what was her astonishment and delight to behold a beautiful babydoll, dressed in a lovely robe and cloak.

"Why, mother?" exclaimed Sunny, in an ecstasy of delight, "that is the very doll I——" here she checked herself.

"Yes," said her mother; "you wanted so much and did not buy, because you wanted to buy poor little Janie House a warm hood. I know all about it, and I think my darling is amply rewarded for her self-denial."

And little Sunny's radiant face told the same tale.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Canada has no gold coins.

It's the closest men who are hardest to touch.

Lawyers were known in Babylon 2300 years B. C.

Oranges were first imported into England from France in 1530

Jerusalem has 135 places where liquor is sold, the license fees going to Constantinople.

London dealers in pet animals and birds say that women buy more than half the dogs.

The list of the world's battles comprises 1527 regular engagements whose names are given as worthy of record.

Men's coats have not had such long tails for years. Schipperkes, the dogs that are coming in, have no tails at all.

In the recent devil worship rebellion of mountain tribes, in the Fiji Islands, the leader of the rioters was a 12-year old boy.

A newly-organized "primitive Christian" society in St. Louis is opposed to the payment of pew rent, clergymen, choirs, etc.

German soldiers nowadays train hawks to attack carrier pigeons, and they bring back the birds as well as the war dispatches they carry.

A Georgia man who has been sick for a long time has prepared for his funeral, even to the purchase of a coffin and the digging of a grave.

The value of the egg product of the United States is equal to one-third that of the wheat crop, the figures being $100,000,000 and $300,000,000

A New York Chinaman has brought suit against a neighbor whose goat recently devoured the interior decorations of his grocery store

In what are known as refrigerator cars perishable goods may be safely shipped with a temperature outside of from zero to 10 degrees below.

Unskilled Afro-American laborers have no show whatever on the Pacific coast, as the Chinese and Japanese have a monopoly of that sort of work.

Porous glass has been produced in Paris which is too fine to permit of draught, and yet the pores cause a pleasant and healthy ventilation in a room.

A 12-year-old New York lad has just returned from a trip around the world, which took him three years to accomplish, travelling by himself the entire time.

At the recent convention of prison authorities in St. Paul statistics were given which show that the number of criminals is perceptibly on the increase.

Lions are said to be so proud of their whiskers that they often die of shame and unhappiness when those are lost. Once destroyed, the lion's whiskers never grow again.

In tearing down an old house in Paris recently, the workmen came across a pair of boots, in which were found bonds which had been stolen from a New York bank 21 years before.

A goose with remarkable maternal instinct has been found near Berry, Kentucky. Her brood was recently drowned, and an old sow dying about the same time, the goose adopted the little orphan pigs.

Lighted cigarettes were recently distributed among a lot of monkeys at the Zoo in Paris by some mischievous urchins. The animals puffed away with evident enjoyment until the advent of the keeper put a stop to it.

Philadelphia has some long streets. Second street is 15 miles long; Germantown avenue and Ridge avenue, 10 miles; Broad street, 9¾ miles; Frankford avenue, 8 miles; Fifth street, 6¾ miles; Market street, 5¾ miles.

A Boston author, who is convinced that the printing of books in white and black is unnatural and trying to the eyes, is about to bring one out with the pages blue, green, yellow, etc., each purchaser to make choice of his or her own color.

So numerous are the photographers, amateur and otherwise, who now travel about the country with kodak and camera, that the provision of a dark room for their pastime, or profession, as the case may be, has become a feature with English hotels.

A family who reside at Leesville, O., possess a cat which has three distinct eyes, two in their usual places and the third directly back of its left ear. The cat is invaluable as a mouse catcher, for it can see before and in the rear at the same time.

Evidence of the fact that the American people have a fondness for sweets is found in the statement from the Treasury Department that the total consumption of sugar in the United States for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1894, was 4,343,200,500 pounds.

Orchestral strikes in Europe are dangerous for the strikers. There was one at Prague, recently, which led to a week's interruption of the opera. The quarrel was quickly ended when it was learned that the management proposed to secure a new orchestra, and that more than a hundred musicians had already applied.

A LOVE SONG.

BY W. W. LONG.

I know in this hour of loving,
  This hour of perfect bliss,
I would sell my soul to perdition,
  If I lost your love and kiss.

Your lips are red as rose leaves,
  Your eyes like stars, so bright;
But if I lost you, darling,
  My soul would be lost in night.

MORE ABOUT BIRDS.

In a celebrated French romance of the thirteenth century, published by Meon, a Monsieur Renart and his wife hear the cuckoo's notes early in the morning as they lie awake, talking and planning what they will do and be in the future that lies before them. Monsieur Renart thinks he would like to know how many years will be given him in which to enjoy life, so he implores the cuckoo to tell him. "Cuckoo, tell me the truth, how many years have I to live? I wish very much to know, cuckoo." The cuckoo answered promptly thirteen times. Then Monsieur Renart turns to his wife and embraces her. "Did you hear?" he asks. "Sir," said Madame Emengart, being a dutiful wife, and very respectful to her lord and master, "sir, I heard gladly, and demand you will kiss me." "Dame," said he, "I am quite rejoiced."

The absurd name of cuckoo-spit is given to the froth seen upon blades of grass and shrubs, from a notion that it is the spittle of the cuckoo, on account of its being so plentiful about the time of the arrival of that bird. The froth is, however, expelled by an insect named "Cicado spinnaria," which has first sucked in the sap of the plant or tree. A stupid fellow, seeing this froth on almost every blade in his garden, wondered where all the cuckoos had come from to produce it.

If, says an old dream-book, you dream that you hear the cuckoo, your sweetheart will prove a coquette. It also states that dreaming of this herald of summer predicts to the dreamer trials and difficultice in love; but foretells that he will ultimately marry his intended and be happy for some few years, that he will be a widower before he is thirty-three, and never marry again. If a young woman dreams of hearing the cuckoo, it tells her that her sweetheart is false to her.

A good many superstitions are prevalent up and down the country respecting the robin; for instance, it is said that whenever two or three robins get together they are sure to fight, when the two-year-olds kill the three-year-olds. There never is a superabundance of robins, although they are regarded as sacred, and much sympathy is expressed on their behalf. Very few persons will kill a robin.

In England it is said that if you take robins' eggs you will get your legs broken. In some parts of Scotland the song of the robin is held to augur no good to the sick person who hears it, and to those superstitiously inclined, much anxiety is sometimes caused when its notes are heard near a house where any one happens to be ill.

A very common superstition, and one that is believed in wherever Christianity has penetrated, is that the red on the breast of the robin was the result of plucking a spike out of the Savior's crown of thorns while he was on the way to Calvary. In the act of doing this a drop of blood fell on the bird's breast, which remained there, and has been transmitted to posterity. There is also another legend that far away there is a land of woe, darkness, spirits of evil, and fire. Day by day this little bird bears in his bill a drop of water to quench the flame. So near the burning stream does he fly that his feathers are scorched, and hence he is named "bron rhuddn" or burnt breast.

"One of the most musical of Indian birds," says the Rev. S. Langdon, "is the Ceylon robin, called by the Candyans Pashan Richcha, the Bird of Dawn. One of the first sounds to be heard on opening the bedroom window on rising is the Ceylon robin's melodious song. In appearance it bears no indistinct resemblance to the English magpie, and like that bird it has a great reputation for ill luck, which is not dependent on numbers, as in the case of the magpie."

A reason assigned for the hunting of the wren on Saint Stephen's Day is that, when the Saint was being brought to execution, he was escaping from his gaolers, when a wren flew into the face of one of them and woke him. A newer version relates that on one occasion the forces of James the Second were on the point of surprising King William's army, early in the morning, when some wrens, attracted, probably, by the fragments of the repast of the preceding night, alighted on the head of a drum, which had served for a table, and the noise of their bills in the act of picking up the crumbs awoke the drummer, who saw the danger, instantly beat to arms, and saved William's army from defeat. The wren, accordingly, has always been a favorite with the Orange party.

There is a superstition that happy is the person on whom a wren alights; he or she will for a long time be lucky in everything. And it is also a great stroke of good luck if he or she sees a wren drop a feather, and secures it. "Ter quaterque beati" are such people, since they will be happy until they enter a church, or as some say till they wrong or deceive any one.

When robins are seen near houses, and when sparrows chirp a great deal, then be prepared for wet weather. So says a piece of ancient proverbial philosophy, which experience has shown is not very far wrong.

In India the flesh and the brains of the common sparrow, particularly of the male bird, are held in great repute for the cure of certain diseases. Certain species of them are used in making love potions, and are administered by rejected suitors to the objects of their adoration. To dream that you see sparrows jumping about your door-step is a sign of good fortune attending upon any project that you may have set your mind upon accomplishing.

IMPORTANT RULE OF ACTION.—Never be influenced by external appearances in forming your judgment of a person's worth. This is an important rule, for many a noble spirit is covered by habiliments of poverty, while not unfrequently a showy exterior conceals a villain of the basest kind. Dean Swift said that nature had given every man a capacity of being agreeable, though not shining in company; and "there are a hundred men sufficiently qualified for both who by a very few faults that they may correct in half an hour are not so much as tolerable."

Grains of Gold.

Adversity borrows its sharpest sting from our impatience.

Each succeeding day is the scholar of that which went before it.

Every crown that comes from the hand of man has thorns in it.

There is no other thing that you can get so much of for nothing as advice.

A disinterested act of kindness is something the carnal mind cannot explain.

Tuition is high in the school of experience, but the instruction is thorough.

The young man who has no aim in life will sooner or later fall into a ditch.

Some people are always blaming God for the troubles they bring upon themselves.

People seldom improve when they have no other model than themselves to copy after.

What a delightful place this would be, if it were full of people who would agree with us.

The man who has contentment has something that will do a great deal more for him than money.

Some very good people can never see any harm in sin while it can wear good clothes and ride in a coach.

Femininities.

Women doctors appeared about half a century ago.

It seems perfectly natural that lovers should be close mouthed.

A baby weighing nine ounces was born in New Orleans lately.

He: "May I kiss this dainty hand?" She: "Oh, yes; if it will give you any pleasure. But where do I come in?"

It is a point of honor that the Moorish women never know their own ages. They have no birthday celebrations.

"Has that young man proposed yet?" "Not yet, mamma, but he has been inquiring if your cough was anything serious."

Lily: "Tom says he doesn't believe a word you say." Bessie: "So it would seem. He has proposed five times."

Mike, beating the carpet: "What's that spot there that's so worn?" Mary: "Oh, that must have been just in in front of the missis' mirror."

Scene—foreign music shop. Fashionable lady, to German clerk: "Has Schubert written any new songs lately?" Clerk: "No, madam, not since he died."

A medical authority declares that ailments of the throat and stomach are often due to migratory tooth-brush bristles, which should always be carefully rinsed from the mouth.

The Queen's numerous grandchildren, not to mention great-grandchildren, have rendered an enlargement of Osborne necessary. Twenty-four bed-rooms and two bath-rooms are to be added.

Miss Millicent Fawcett, the brilliant senior wrangler of 1890, is about to begin a business career as a civil engineer. Chicago has her counterpart in Miss Anise De Barr, who is a duly accredited and practicing engineer.

Mrs. Suffrage: "It's woman's highest mission to correct the crying evils of the time." Mr. Suffrage, mildly: "Then hadn't you better spank those twins before they yell the roof off?"

Henry Siry, 17 years old, and Kate Kalleo, 14 years old, were married by a justice in Elizabethport, N. J., one day lately, with the blessing of their respective parents, respectable and thriving residents of Elizabeth, N. J.

It is told that a Covington, Ky., woman, whose husband was very ill, bought a graveyard lot at a bargain. He got well, the woman died, and he buried her in that plot. Your prudent and forehanded women miss it sometimes.

Johnny Wayback: "Did you see that young lady from the city? She's got on a coat and vest and shirt and collar and necktie and a man's hat and 'most everything!" Little sister: "Hush! It's wicked to make fun of crazy people."

A traveler who had been in the Far East told a French lady that Hindoo girls are taught to think of marriage as soon as they can talk. She replied: "French girls are not. They don't require teaching."

The man who keeps his eyes always toward the future does better than the man who keeps his eyes always toward the past, but both of them miss a lot of fun that they might have in the living present if they would only be more wise.

Winkers: "Why is it that women always dislike a prominent man who is an old bachelor?" Blinkers: "Because they can't say he never would have amounted to anything if it had not been for his wife."

Sewing machine agent: "You're not looking well, ma'am." Housekeeper: "I'm not so well as I'd like to be." Agent: "Buy one of our machines; that's what makes all our customers sew well."

Judge: "You say you want a divorce from your wife?" "Yes, if your honor please." "But reflect for a moment that you have lived together for nearly half a century." "Well, haven't I suffered long enough?"

Among the Saxons a wife was divorced by sale. A husband, with the consent of the wife, put a halter round her neck, led her to the nearest market town, and disposed of her to the highest bidder, making a speech in which he set forth her good and evil qualities.

Mrs. Edmund Yates, it is reported, carries about with her wherever she goes the ashes of her late lamented husband, who, it will be remembered, was cremated. They are inclosed in an air tight receptacle, and this is fitted into a little traveling bag made for the purpose.

The parish register of Greenwich records the marriage, on November 16, 1585, of "John Cooper, of this parish, almsman in Queen Elizabeth College, aged 108, and Margaret Thomas, of Charlton in Kent, aged 60 years, by license of the Lord Bishop of Rochester and leave of the Governors of the drapers."

Masculinities.

It is all very well to tell a violent man to "keep his temper;" but is he not better off without it?

Husband: "I wonder what would be a good remedy for so many divorces?" Wife: "Fewer marriages like ours."

Hope is the chief blessing of man; and that hope only is rational of which we are sensible that it cannot deceive us.

A Cincinnati man, who advertises a fine steel instrument for ten cents' worth of stamps, returns a needle to inquirers.

"Is Chincher making any money out of politics?" "Not a cent. Says he is perfectly satisfied with what he makes in it."

The Governor-elect and Lieutenant Governor-elect of Vermont, both Colonels, have but two arms between them, each having lost one in the war.

The chief of police in Baltimore says that he never found boys in the saloons until lager beer was introduced and games prepared to entice them in.

"Would it surprise you if I said that Bilkall was one of my most trusted men in Harlem?" "Not a bit. I understand he owes everybody in that locality."

It is claimed that a college graduate's chances of obtaining a fair degree of eminence are as 250 to 1 as compared with the man who have not been to college.

Nathaniel P. H. Willis, a descendant of the Puritan George Willis, and a cousin of N. P. Willis, the poet, has been connected with a Boston business house for 64 years.

Try to find out the business for which you are best adapted, and stick to that one thing. A young man should have a real love, amounting to a passion, for his calling.

Many men do not allow their principles to take root, but pull them up every now and then, as children do flowers they have planted, to see if they are growing.

King Theodore, of Abyssinia, punished Christian missionaries by compelling them to stand in the blazing sun while his genealogy was read, a period of four hours.

A Worthington, Ohio, man committed suicide because he believed the Government is about to go to pieces, and, as a patriotic man, he could not bear to live and see the disaster.

Chollie: "The idea of a man sending a business letter with a P. S." Chappie: "Doesn't that form, surely." Chollie: "But that isn't the worst of it. In this case it means 'Please Settle'."

A family of father, mother, daughter and five sons in a northern county of New York, averages 6 feet 3. The daughter is just 6 feet, and the shortest of the family. The tallest son is 6 feet 6; the father 6 feet 2.

The history and records of the trial of Dr. Robert W. Buchanan for poisoning his wife takes up 2000 pages, each page being 11 inches long by 8 inches wide. It is said to be the largest book on criminal history in the world.

Frederic Masson lately discovered, and a Paris journal has published, a manuscript in which Napoleon (1791) maintained that love, being injurious to the individual and to the community, should be banished from the world.

Aquilla Robertson, said to be the first white person born in Indiana, is still living in that State. He is ninety years old, has been a church member all his life, voted under nineteen administrations, has been twice married, and is the father of eleven children.

"I am surprised, Bobby," said his father, reprovingly, "that you should strike your little brother. Don't you know that it is cowardly to hit one smaller than yourself?" "Then why do you hit me, pa?" inquired the boy, with an air of having the better of it.

A man whose skin was as blue as an indigo bag died the other day in Jefferson, Ind. The false complexion was brought on many years ago by taking large doses of nitrate of silver as a cure for epilepsy. He was cured of the malady, but the remedy turned his skin blue.

"Upon my place at home there is an apple tree, the fruit of which is sweet on one side and sour on the other," said C. E. Harrington, of Baltimore, Md., recently. "It has been known for many years that these apples existed, but no one has ever been able to explain the phenomenon."

Mrs. Hasdust: "That Mrs. Uppercrust called to day and left her card, with 'P. P. C.' marked on the corner. I wonder what it means?" Mrs. Rollinginwealth: "Oh, I believe she's going out of the city, and she probably wants to let you know she's going to travel in a Pullman palace car. The vulgarity of some folks is just terrible!"

A well-known broker was giving his son a lecture the other day. "Above all, my son, be honest. Let nothing drive you from the path. Only the other day, for instance, a customer of our's made a mistake in paying me an account. Instead of giving me four thousand he owed my partner and myself, he gave me five." "Well?" "I gave five hundred of it to my partner."

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

The French are great sticklers for etiquette, and in such a matter as mourning, fashion is not allowed to interfere much with custom.

All the near relatives of a deceased person wear deep black with crape for the first three or six months, according to their degree of kinship, and widows are generally expected to retain it for a year, along with the black crape veil reaching down to their heels. The variations made by fashion refer especially to the manner in which the crape is applied.

Of late, instead of being employed to make trimmings, it has been used as a component part of the toilet.

Sometimes dresses are made entirely of it, lined throughout with dull silk; sometimes the bodice alone will be of crape and the skirt of fine black woolen, or the bodice will have frillings or folds of crape, with crape sleeves.

Mourning attire is always somewhat simple in France, for the very good reason that throughout the time it is worn the wearers must eschew general society, crowded promenades and all species of entertainments. Crape composes the foundation, as well as the decoration, of all the mourning millinery; all other ornaments, even jet, are tabooed during the first months of a bereavement.

Many black skirts of moire or crepon and black-and-white striped or checked silks are worn with corsages of black plaited chiffon over white satin. Very frequently there is either a corselet or yoke of Venetian guipure; and abundant use of this effective lace is made on many gowns. Accordion-plaiting increases its hold upon Dame Fashion's favor and is turned to many uses. Whole gowns of plaited chiffon are much admired, but they are so fragile that they are within the reach of only the favored few. One of pink chiffon over pink satin had short puffed sleeves, braces and girdle with tiny basque below it of black velvet, embroidered with daisies of pink paillettes. More useful than this was an accordion-plaited gown of black Brussels net trimmed from hem to waist with rows of two-inch black satin ribbon and finished on the bottom with a ruffle of Chantilly lace. Two silk slips—a yellow and a heliotrope—were furnished with this beautiful gown, and changed its appearance and character entirely.

An occasional Louis Quinze coat is seen. Made of rich light brocades, or of the Dresden-flowered striped silks, with fronts of plaited chiffon and lavish frills of rich lace at the neck and wrists, they are very dressy and have an extremely chic effect.

The best material for white petticoats is a strong quality of Victoria lawn. A narrow ruffle finishes the extreme edge of the hem of the skirt. This little ruffle is quite generally made of a sheer, strong quality of linen. Covering this ruffle, a somewhat wider, lace-edged flounce is set on the edge of the skirt. This flounce should not be over three or four inches in width. Above this, a deep flounce, ten or twelve inches in width, and overlapping the narrower flounces, is used.

Some of the prettiest corset covers have a full front of sheer nainsook inserted across the bosom. A row of lace trims the neck and armholes, and narrow ribbons, run in beading, fit the garment snugly around the neck.

Small English turbans and walking hats, and small round hats of every variety promise to be popular this fall and winter, with matrons as well as young women.

White canvas belts, finished with a buckle and slide of enameled silver, or a buckle covered with tanned leather and mounted with silver, are worn with gay gingham gowns.

The new sleeves for autumn are no smaller than those now worn, but there is a tendency to do away with berthas and the extreme revers trimmings, which add such breadth to the corsage.

Among handsome costumes worn at fashionable watering places are elaborate gowns of white mohair. They are finished with a soft collar, revers and belt of bright buttercup yellow or pale siem green.

Tasteful designs in evening shades are seen in brocades with satin grounds. The designs include Persian effects in all over patterns, and, as the color is uniform, medium-sized designs are not inappropriate. Others show detached flowers, smaller and larger; also flower and leaf patterns arranged to form wide, indistinct stripes, between which are small, detached flowers. These goods are shown in white and in all evening shades.

Among the novelties seen are natte or basket-weave effects in all-silk. These show the weave so arranged as to produce the effect of a braided fabric, the small checks formed being of a diminutive size. In all-black these goods in dull finish have a quiet effect. The addition of colors in the combination permits of the effect being increased and very effective fabrics being produced. The combination is in two colors only, the brighter tint not being too liberally used, but giving in the very small dots it forms a lively look to the whole.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Succotash.—Three quarts of water, one dozen ears of young, milky corn, one quart of shelled beans, three-fourths of a pound of salt pork, salt and pepper to taste. Remove the raw corn from the cob by cutting through each row of kernels with the point of a sharp knife, then with the back of the knife press out the pulp, leaving the hulls on the cob. Put three quarts of water in a kettle large enough to hold the soup, put in the cobs (from which the corn has been scraped) and boil fifteen minutes. Take out the cobs and put in the beans and pork and boil slowly two and one-half hours, or till the beans are perfectly tender. Then add the scraped corn and boil fifteen minutes longer; season to taste with salt, add a little pepper if you like, turn into a tureen and serve. Serve the pork on a platter, as some persons like a slice of the pork cut in small bits added to the contents of the soup plate. The pork should be streaked a little with lean. Cranberry beans are the best. Lima beans can be used, but the succotash is not so rich as when made of a dark bean. This is genuine New England succotash. It is a soup and very different from the so-called succotash of the summer hotel, which is nothing but a dry mixture of corn and beans served in a vegetable dish.

Boiled Beets.—Wash the beets carefully, and do not cut off the roots, for by so doing the juices escape and the color is spoiled. Boil them several hours; the time varies according to the age and season. When young and small they require about an hour. When they are done, pour off the hot water and cover them with cold water. Rub off the skin, cut them in rather thin slices and season with plenty of fresh butter; salt and pepper, and, if you like, a tablespoonful or less of vinegar.

Tomato and Mutton Pie.—Butter a deep dish, put in a layer of sliced tomatoes, then a layer of mutton cut in rather small pieces, sprinkle lightly with fine bread crumbs, and season with pepper, salt and bits of butter. Continue until the dish is full, having the crumbs for the top. Bake an hour and a half.

Bohemian Sandwiches.—A fashionable sandwich called Bohemian is excellent. The filling used for it consists of cottage cheese, olives and Worcestershire sauce, the proportions being one dozen olives to one large ball of cheese, and the sauce to taste. Pit the olives and chop them fine, then mix with the cheese and seasoning.

Apple Ginger for Dessert.—One and a half ounces whole ginger, one-fourth pint brandy, three pounds apples, two pounds sugar, two lemons, slices of preserved ginger. Bruise the whole ginger, put in a small jar, pour over it the brandy and let stand three days; peel the apples, core them and cut in thin slices, add the sugar and the juice of the lemons; add the brandy and simmer all well together till the apples are transparent, which will be in about three fourths of an hour. Serve cold and garnish with slices of preserved ginger.

Boils.—These should be brought to a head by warm poultices of camomile flowers, or boiled white lily root, or onion root by fermentation with hot water, or by stimulating plasters. When ripe they should be destroyed by a needle or lancet; but this should not be attempted until they are fully proved.

The odds and ends left over from a meal should not be thrown away. The careful housekeeper can find many ways of turning them into dainty and healthful dishes. Pieces of cold meat or fish may be divided into small pieces and warmed in a white or brown sauce, or the sauce and meat or fish may be put in a small baking dish, covered with grated bread crumbs and then browned in the oven.

A few spoonfuls of almost any kind of meat, fish or vegetable may be heated in a sauce and spread over a plain omelet just before rolling it up, thus giving a change in this dish of eggs.

Pieces of bread may be used for puddings and griddle cakes, and in the form of dried crumbs for breading. Pieces of cake and gingerbread may be used in puddings.

Tough pieces of meat and bones may be used in making little stews or a little soup stock. All kinds of meat can be combined in making a stew or soup.

Gravies, sauces and soups, no matter how small the quantity, should be saved to use in warming over meat, fish or vegetables.

Cold meat or fish may be hashed fine and mixed with potato, rice or hominy and a sauce, and made into croquettes.

FROM STRANGE ACCIDENTS.

WHEN we come to consider how easy it is to take away life, and what apparently trivial accidents frequently end in its abrupt termination, we can hardly help agreeing with those people who will call in a doctor upon the slightest ailment arising; for there seems to be nothing that may not end in death, which appears to lurk in every little thing we touch.

Who, for instance, would ever believe that a prick from an ordinary carpet tack would cause death, in less than forty-eight hours, of a healthy man? Yet this actually occurred some few years ago to a gentleman well known in scientific circles.

He was writing in his office, when he accidentally dropped his pencil on the floor, and, as he was stooping to pick it up, a tack, which happened to be lying on the carpet, pricked his finger. No one would take any notice of such a trifling incident, neither did he. In a few minutes, however, his finger began to be painful, and in an hour his hand had swollen to such an extent as to render it absolutely useless. A doctor was called in, and he did what he could; but in twenty-four hours from the time when he had first received the wound, a consultation was held, and it was decided that the whole arm must be amputated in order to save his life. This was done, but it was too late; the mortification of the limb had spread to the trunk, and in less than twenty-four hours the man was dead.

Biting off a piece of cotton was likewise the cause of a lady's death some time ago, and it happened thus: A small pet dog belonging to her went mad, and tore her dress with its teeth. This dress she mended, and, when she had finished, as is very often done by ladies, she bit off the thread. As ill luck would have it, she had a slight abrasion on her lip. The virus got into it, and in a few weeks she developed symptoms of hydrophobia and died some days after.

It would be hard to imagine how an ordinary top-hat could be the cause of sending its owner to the unknown land; yet a hat of this kind was responsible for the death of its wearer. He was an abnormally tall man, and one day, when walking under a doorway which was rather low, he chanced to knock the top of his silk hat against the lintel. The shock drove the hat somewhat forcibly down on to his head, and this little accident resulted in his getting brain fever, which, unhappily, ended fatally.

Stories of children who have swallowed boot-buttons, coins, etc., and who have died from the effects of them, are as common as the proverbial blackberry, but the following method of getting choked is somewhat out of the way.

Some time back a clergyman in New York City was about to give his son a dose of medicine, and, not having a corkscrew handy with which to draw the cork from the bottle, he attempted to draw it with his teeth. He had just succeeded in extracting it, when he was attacked by a fit of hiccoughing, the result of which was that the sudden inspiration drew the cork into his windpipe, and, as there was no doctor handy, he died in a few minutes from suffocation.

About five years ago the breaking of a window caused the death of a well-known French artist. His studio was situated close to the playground of a school, and a ball which was thrown at random happened to fall upon the skylight under which he was working. The ball only knocked out a single splinter of glass, but that splinter hit the painter in the neck, laying open the jugular vein, and, of course, he bled to death in less than three minutes. The police authorities almost made a murder case out of it, and perhaps some guiltless person would have been accused of it, had not the medical and subsequent evidence proved that the splinter of glass from the skylight was responsible for the supposed murder.

Snakes, such as the cobra or rattlesnake, are dreaded by all who inhabit the same countries as they do, and with reason, for their bite is as fatal as the poisoned arrows of the denizens of the South American forests. These people, however, would laugh if they were told that the bite of an ordinary English gnat has proved fatal. But it has proved so, and that in two well-authenticated cases. The victims of this strange accident were both adults, and were bitten by poisonous gnats on the same day, and in the same place. It is not certain how it occurred, but this is certain, that they died from the effects of the bites. Probably the gnats that bit them had previously dined off some putrifying matter or other, some minute particles of their meal had adhered to their proboscees, and so found their way into the blood of their victims and poisoned them.

Quite recently a gentleman walking along a street in Paris was killed by a workman, who fell upon his head from a scaffolding, where he was doing some repairs. Strange to relate, the man who fell was not injured at all, and went to work again in the afternoon, but the one upon whom he fell was killed instantly.

TESTING THE BABY.—The natural bent of a child is sometimes manifested at a very early age, but the Chinese method of ascertaining what his bent is, seems to our mind curious rather than trustworthy.

On the first anniversary of the baby's birthday, (says a traveler) a large bamboo sieve, such as farmers use in winnowing grain, is placed on a table before the ancestral tablets of the family, where incense and candles are already burning. On this are laid a set of money-scales, a pair of shears, a foot measure, a brass mirror, pencil, ink, paper, and ink-slab, one or two books, and fruit.

The child, dressed in new garments, is placed upon the sieve in the midst of these articles. The object now is to see what it will first take hold of and play with. The moment is one of great interest to the parents and assembled friends.

It is said that the article the child first takes up indicates its future employment, character, or condition in the world.

If the child be a boy, and he takes a book or implement connected with literature, as pen or ink, it is surmised that he will become a distinguished scholar, if he seizes the money-scales or the silver or gold instrument or ornament, that he will become famous for his wealth and for his talents in making money; and so on.

FISHING EXTRAORDINARY.—"It is hard to tell," writes a correspondent of a contemporary, "whether bird-catching or fishing, as a sport, occupies the first place in the regard of the men of Samoa. The men are wonderfully expert and courageous, especially in shark-fishing, of which they are very fond. The flesh of the shark is the principal dainty at their great feasts, and parties of men go out in search of them. Three fishermen man each canoe, taking along with them a strong-noosed rope of bark fibre and a quantity of animal offal.

"When I was at Samoa, a shark-hunting party was organized in our honor, and, a storm having just blown itself out, we found the fish inshore, lying under the ledges of rocks bordering the lagoon. Some offal was thrown overboard piece by piece. This served the double purpose of attracting the sharks and gorging them so as to render them easy of capture. The water around us was soon alive with sharks. As soon as the offal had been eaten, the creatures retired to spots where rocks overhung a stretch of smooth sand, and there, lazily extending themselves at full-length, lay half asleep. The native at the stern of the canoe in which I was seated paddled slowly along.

"Presently we saw a large gray fellow asleep. A raised hand signalled the paddler to stay the course of the canoe. The other native—a lithe active young fellow—let himself quietly into the sea; and, with the noose of the rope in his hand, dived to the bottom, quickly but gently slipped the noose over the tail of the sleeping fish, and returned to the surface. When he had climbed into the canoe, we all three seized the rope and, despite the struggles of the fish, pulled him out, hauling his tail clear of the water and rendering the fish nearly helpless. The two natives then took command of the ropes alone, sending me to the stern. Waiting until the fish resumed its struggles, by a peculiar movement they easily jerked the fish into the canoe.

"The next shark we encounted had backed into a crevice or hole in the rocks, leaving only its head accessible. This I supposed quite out of reach; but our diver coolly dropped down and tapped the shark gently upon the head. Sleepy and gorged with food, annoyed at the interruption and not knowing exactly what it was, the shark turned out with a swish in a compass scarcely large enough for him to lie in. As it did so, it exposed its tail, over which the noose was dropped, with the same results as before."

MARRIED FOR A CENTURY.—We have all heard of tin weddings, of crystal weddings, of silver, of golden and of diamond weddings. But the scale of celebration does not seem to extend any farther, and one wonders what name would be selected for a wedding anniversary celebrated not long back in Hungary—the one hundreth anniversary of the marriage of Jean Szathmary and his wife.

This appears to be a circumstance which is almost impossible. But the marriage of this aged pair is duly and officially recorded as having taken place in 1793, at which time, according to the record, they were of marriageable age.

As in Hungary at that time a bridegroom must have reached the age of twenty and a bride that of fifteen, the pair must now be at least one hundred and twenty and one hundred and fifteen years old.

The one hundredth anniversary was celebrated at the town of Zsombolyi, in the Banat, which has for a long time allowed the venerable couple a pension, in recognition of their great age and fidelity to each other.

Even the oldest residents of Zsombolyi have no other recollection of Jean Szathmary and his wife than as old people. Not one relative of either survives. Their century of wedded life is so well and officially attested that many notables and Hungarian officials attended the anniversary celebration and gave them many presents.

MRS. NEXTDOOR: "Your little boy climbed over the fence and ran all over my flowerbeds." Mrs. Suburb: "Horrors! They had just been watered, had 't they?" "N—o." "Oh, well, never mind; the exercise won't hurt him if he didn't get his feet wet."

Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The September number of "Music" contains, among other interesting articles' "Chinese Music," "Ancient and Modern Music of the Jewish People," "Russian Music," "Music as a Factor in Education," and some Chinese fragments of musical composition. Published by Music Magazine Publishing Co., Chicago.

"The Eclectic" for September is unusually interesting. Among its articles, selected from the leading publications in the language, are: "The King, the Pope and Crispi," "Dante and Tennyson," "The Labor Question in America," "Science in Song," "History of English Policy," "Social Democracy and Liberty," and numerous other valuable papers. Published at 144 Eighth St., New York.

"The Century" for September is graced with a literary essay of considerable distinction, Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant's account of "Addison the Humorist." Another literary paper treats of "Poe in Philadelphia." J. M. Rice describes the system of "School Excursions in Germany," and Joseph Bishop descants upon the evils centered under "The Price of Peace." A portrait of Daniel O'Connell is introduced into the "Recollections of Aubrey de Vere," and some interesting sketches of Napoleonic souvenirs attend Mr. Adam's "Jaunt into Corsica." There are other articles, two short stories, several short poems and numerous open letters on topics of current interest in this harvest home of "The Century."

EIGHT-LEGGED FRIENDS.

A SINGULAR opportunity was afforded me last summer for making myself thoroughly at home with the habits and manners of the common geometrical spider. By the pure chance of circumstance, two ladies of that intelligent and interesting species were kind enough to select for their temporary residence a large pane of glass just outside my drawing-room window. Now it so happened that this particular pane was constructed not to open, being, in fact, part of a big bow-window, the alternate sashes of which were alone intended for ventilation. Hence it came to pass that by diligent care I was enabled to preserve my two eight-legged acquaintances from the devouring broom of the housemaid, and to keep them constantly under observation at all times and seasons during a whole summer.

They were curious and uninviting pets, I'm bound to admit, those great juicy-looking creatures. Nobody would say that any form of spider is precisely what our Italian friends prettily describe in their liquid way as simpatico. At times, indeed, the conduct of Lucy and Eliza—those were the names we had given them—was so peculiarly horrible and blood-curdling in its atrocity that even I, their best friend, who had so often interceded for their lives and saved them from the devastating duster of the aggressive housemaid—even I myself, I say, more than once debated in my own mind whether I was justified in letting them go on any longer in their career of crime unchecked, or whether I ought not rather to rush out at once, avenging rag in hand, and sweep them at one fell swoop from the surface of a world they disgraced with their unbridled wickedness. Eliza, in particular, I'm constrained to allow, was a perfect monster of vice—a sort of undeveloped arachnid Borgia, quick to slay and relentless in pursuit: a mass of eight-legged sins, stained with the gore of ten thousand struggling victims, and absolutely without a single redeeming point in her hateful character.

The lines were in both cases stretched between a white rose bush that climbed up one side of the window, and a purple clematis that occupied and draped the opposite mullion. But Lucy and Eliza didn't live in the webs—those were only their snares or traps for prey; each of them had in addition a private home or apartment of her own under shelter of a rose-leaf at some distance from the treacherous geometrical structure. The house itself consisted merely of a silken cell, built out from the rose leaf, and connected with the snare by a single stout cord of very solid construction. On this cord the spider kept one foot—I had almost said one hand—constantly fixed. She poised it lightly by her claws, and whenever an insect got entangled in the web, a subtle electric message, so to speak, seemed to run along the line to the ever-watchful carnivore. In one short second Lucy or Eliza, as the case might be, had darted out upon her quarry, and was tackling it might and main, according to the particular way its size and strength rendered then and there advisable.

The cross-pieces, we observed from the very beginning, were invariably covered by little sparkling drops of something wet and beadlike; which at first in our ignorance we took for dew. But we soon found out that these pearly drops on the web were not dew at all, but a sticky substance, akin to that of the web, secreted by the animals themselves from their own bodies. We also quickly discovered that the viscid liquid in question was of the utmost importance to the spiders in securing their prey, and that unfortunate insects were not merely entangled but likewise gummed down or glued by it, like birds in bird lime or flies in treacle. So necessary is the sticky stuff, indeed, to the success of the trap, that Lucy and Eliza used to renew the entire set of cross-pieces in the web every morning, and thus insure from day to day a perfectly fresh supply of viscid liquid; but, so far as I could see, they only renewed the rays and the foundation threads under stress of necessity, when the snare had been so greatly injured by large insects struggling in it, or by the wind or the gardener, as to render repairs absolutely unavoidable.

I was convinced after many observations that it is by touch alone the spider recognizes the presence of prey in its web, and that it hardly derives any indications worth speaking of from its numerous little eyes, at least as regards the arrival of booty.

Supposing the booty in hand was a tiny fly, then Lucy or Eliza would jump upon it at once with that strange access of apparently personal animosity which seems in some mysterious way a characteristic of all hunting carnivorous animals. She would then carelessly wind a thread or two about it, in a perfunctory way, bury her jaws in its body, and in less than half a minute suck out the juices to the last drop, leaving the empty shell unhurt, like a dry skeleton or the slough of a dragon-fly larva. But when wasps or other large and dangerous insects got entangled in the webs, the hunters proceeded with far greater caution. Lucy, indeed, who was a decided coward, would stand and look anxiously at the doubtful intruder for several seconds, feeling the web with her claws, and running up and down in the most undecided manner, as if in doubt whether or not to tackle the uncertain intruder. But Eliza, whose spirits always rose like Nelson's before the face of danger, would rush at the huge foe in a perfect transport of wild fury, and go to work at once to inclose him in her toils of tripic silken cables. In less than half a minute the astonished wasp, accustomed rather to act on the offensive than the defensive, found himself helplessly inclosed in a perfect coil of tangled silk, which confined him from head to sting without the possibility of movement in any direction. The whole time this had been going on, the victim, struggling and writhing, had been pushing out its sting and doing the very best it knew to deal the wily Eliza a poisoned death-blow. Sometimes, after the wasp was secured, Eliza even took the trouble to saw off the wings so as to prevent further struggling and consequent damage to the precious web.

One insect there was, however, before which even Eliza herself, hardened wretch as she seemed, used to cower and shiver; and that was the great black bumble-bee, the largest and most powerful of the British bee-kind. When one of these dangerous monsters, a burly, buzzing bourgeois, got entangled in her web, Eliza, shaking in her shoes, would retire in high dudgeon to her inmost bower, and there would sit and sulk, in visible bad temper, till the clumsy big thing, after many futile efforts, had torn its way by main force out of the coils that surrounded it. Humming-bird hawk-moths, on the other hand, though so big and quick, she would kill immediately.

In the end, Eliza laid a large number of eggs in a silken cocoon, in shape of a balloon, and secreted, like the web, by her invaluable spinnarets. Indeed, the real reason—I won't say excuse—for the rapacity and Gargantuan appetite of the spider lies, no doubt, in the immense amount of material she has to supply for her daily renewed webs, her home, and her cocoon, all which have actually to be spun out of the assimilated food stuffs in her own body; to say nothing of the additional necessity imposed upon her by nature for laying a trifle of six or seven hundred eggs in a single summer. And, to tell the truth, Lucy and Eliza seemed to us to be always eating. No matter at what hour one looked in upon them, they were pretty constantly engaged in devouring some inoffensive fly, or weaving hateful labyrinths of hasty cord round some fiercely struggling wasp or some unhappy beetle.

CHINESE METHODS OF TILLAGE.—Messrs. Allen and Sachtleben, the American students who crossed Asia on bicycles, were close observers of native manners and customs. In the September number of The Century they say:

Apart from the "Yellow Lands" of the Hoang-ho, which need no manure, the arable regions of China seem to have maintained their fecundity for over four thousand years, entirely through the thoughtful care of the peasantry in restoring to the soil, under another form, all that the crops have taken from it. The plowing of the Chinese is very poor. They scarcely do more than scratch the surface of the ground with their bent stick plows, wooden-tooth drills, and wicker-work harrows; and instead of straight lines, so dear to the eye of a Western farmer, the ridges and and furrows are as crooked as serpents. The real secret of their success seems to lie in the care they take to replenish the soil. All the sewage of the towns is carried out every morning at daybreak by special coolies, to be preserved for manure; while the dried herbs, straw, roots, and other vegetable refuse, are economized with the greatest care for fuel. The Chinese peasant offsets the rudeness of his implements with manual skill. He weeds the ground so carefully that there is scarcely a leaf above the ground that does not appertain to the crop. All kinds of pumps and hydraulic wheels are worked, either by the hand, animals, or the wind. The system of tillage, therefore, resembles market-gardening rather than the broad method of cultivation common in Europe and America. The land is too valuable to be devoted to pasture, and the forests nearly everywhere have been sacrificed to tillage to such an extent that the material for the enormously thick native coffins has now to be imported from abroad.

"TOMMY," said the visitor, who was very properly endeavoring to impress a moral lesson on the lad's mind, "have you read the books in your Sunday-school library?"

"Some of them," he replied rather doubtfully. "Can you tell me what happened to the boy who went fishing on Sunday?" "Yes. He caught three catfish and an eel." "How do you know that?" "Cos I was him."

"MAMMA, dear, won't you please cut off a lock of papa's hair for me? I want it badly." Sympathetic mother—"Certainly, dear. (Turning to her husband). Did you hear that, John? Who would have given a child like that credit for so much tender sentiment?" Little Will (explaining)—"You see, ma, my rocking-horse lost its tail, and I just wanted——"

GILHOOLY: "There is something wonderfully real in the scene where you smother Desdemona. I don't understand how you can make it appear so realistic." Actor Friend: "Easy enough, my dear boy. All I have to do is to imagine that Desdemona is my mother-in-law."

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PARENTS are entitled if soldier **left neither widow nor child**, provided **soldier died in service, or from effects of service**, and they are **now dependent** upon their own labor for support. It makes no difference whether soldier served or died in late war or in regular army or navy.

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Humorous.

[A CONTENTED FELLOW.]

He was ever contented
With friends and with foes;
If he sinned, he repented—
If he fell, he arose.

When the weather was melting
He thanked God for heat;
When the winter came pelting
He praised God for sleet.

When Fortune beset him
He thanked God for wealth:
When Poverty met him
He praised God for health.

And when Fate bereft him
Of all that was best,
And Death was all left him,
He praised God for rest.

—U. N. NONE.

Bad debts—Owing grudges.

Carpenters generally talk plane.

Sound conclusion—A dying echo.

A notorious eavesdropper—Rain.

The lap of luxury—A cat enjoying her milk.

The street fakir with something great should bear in mind that some people object to having greatness thrust upon them.

In the conservatory at a ball. She: "Do you admire black eyes or blue?" He: "The light is so dim here I can't really say."

Irate but polite person who has just taken away an umbrella from the social post in front: "Permit me, sir, to return your umbrella; I found it in my eye."

"I walked the floor all night with the toothache," said he.

To which the listener replied:

"You didn't expect to walk the ceiling with it, did you?"

Muggins: "I never feel afraid of the house being robbed since our new cook came."

Buggins: "Why, is she so muscular?"

Muggins: "No; but she always has a policeman in the kitchen."

"Do you think cigarettes are injurious?"

"I know it. A fellow smoked four in a smoking car in which I was riding yesterday, and I haven't felt well since."

Young artist: "It's an outrage to have such an ignoramus as Puffers on a hanging committee." Friend: "No judge of art, eh?" Young artist: "He is a half idiot. Why, sir, he thought my cows were horses."

Mrs. McSwat: "That new girl in the kitchen breaks an awful lot of china. She worries me nearly to death." Mr. McSwat: "I don't mind it so much. When she's breaking china she isn't singing 'Sweet Marie.'"

Young housekeeper: "Those fish I bought of you were not fresh."

Fisherman: "Well, marm, that be your fault—it bean't mine. I've offered 'em yer every day this week, and you might a had 'em days before if you'd a liked!"

"You are positively the worst looking object I ever saw," remarked the woman who came to the door.

"Well, lady," remarked Dismal Dawson, "don't you think such a sight as that is worth something in the way of a little cold eats?"

Shrewd doctor: "I see what's the matter; it's mental strain—too much worry."

Business man: "What do you advise?"

"Change of scene."

"Where to?"

"Oh, almost any country where there is no extradition treaty!"

Tramp: "Beg pardon, sir, but——"

Affable party: "Oh, that's all right, certainly; don't give it another thought! When you stopped me, I didn't know but that you wanted a dime or something of that sort, and you only wanted to beg my pardon! Granted freely! Heaven bless you, my man!"

Rural manager: "My season has been a failure; my folks are starving, and I should like to engage you to play 'Othello' for a week."

Barn Stormer: "With pleasure, if your terms suit."

"Well, I will give you 50 per cent. of all the vegetables that are thrown at you."

"And what are you going to be, my little man?" asked the minister, as he patted the boy on the head. "What are you going to be when you grow up?"

"I am going to be a waiter, sir."

"A waiter! Well, that is not a very lofty ambition. Let me ask you, why are you going to be a waiter?"

"Because, sir, I've heard papa say that all things come to him who waits!"

The Frenchman asked an English sparmaker what he was making.

"A yard," was the reply.

"How much have you got done?" was the next question.

"A yard."

"Where did the spar come from?"

"The yard."

And the Frenchman was very much surprised at the lucidity of the answers, and amazed at the simplicity of our language.

CHANGED HER TUNE.—Some time ago a tourist stepped into a postal-telegraph office in one of our country districts, and going up to the counter wrote an address on a letter.

He was about to leave, when he caught sight of a lady in charge, and lifting his hat bowed politely to her.

But the lady had lofty ideas of her official position, and thus addressed the departing gentleman—

"I must say, it's a pretty piece of impertinence to come to this office simply to scribble an address."

The intruder courteously responded, saying that he had hoped such a thing might be permitted in extraordinary circumstances, but that if no person was to be admitted for such a purpose he was quite prepared to send a telegram.

He then proceeded to fill up a form, and handed it over to the lady, filled up in the following manner:—

"The lady-clerk at this office wantonly ignores every rule of civility."

The lady was struck dumb when she read the message, which was addressed to the Secretary of the General Post Office, and bore a well-known name.

The gentleman observed her extreme confusion, and relenting, quietly said—

"I don't think I'll trouble you to send that telegram, unless you particularly wish; but I will express the hope that you will be a little more careful as to your language in the future."

The lady-clerk did not fail to learn the lesson thus taught her as to her deportment in the discharge of duty.

AN ATTACK OF THE BLUES.—One of the most suddenly transforming and, to those who witnessed it, amusing effects produced by a toilet preparation, advertised to make its user beautiful for ever, was undoubtedly the following:—

A certain young lady, of generally attractive appearance, was amongst the audience listening attentively to a popular lecture by a well-known professor of chemistry, when most mysteriously her countenance became distinctly blue. She had been heightening the charms of her complexion by artificial means, and the rouge that she had applied had now changed to a blue color through the unforeseen action of a chemical substance with which the professor was largely experimenting.

The audience were at first nonplussed at the transformation, but soon smiled their appreciation of the fact. The lady was, however, in blissful ignorance of the facial change she had suffered, and merely regarded the radiant looks with which she was greeted from every direction as so many tributes of homage to her queenly beauty.

At last a lady of her acquaintance, who was seated by her side, cruelly informed her of the purple, plum-like glow which suffused her face and was the undeniable cause of the beaming countenances around.

Quickly producing her handkerchief, she hid her attack of the blues from the vulgar gaze, and made a speedy exist.

FOR THE COMPLEXION.—An African traveler, weary and exhausted, was hospitably received one evening in the kraal of a Hottentot prince. Early next morning he was about to record the events of the previous weeks, when he perceived, to his dismay, that the ink in his traveling-case was all dried up.

With a sigh of disappointment he packed up again his writing materials, when his eye fell on closed glass standing on a bamboo shelf, which on closer examination, proved to be a genuine ink-stand nearly full to the brim.

Delighted at the discovery, he sat down and worked at his diary.

Suddenly he was disturbed in his occupation by a young negress, who, springing toward him, snatched the ink-stand from the table in passionate haste.

Her horrid screams soon attracted the other members of the royal family to the spot, and now the unsuspecting stranger was made aware that he had committed the heinous offence of laying sacrilegious hands on the carefully guarded provision of ink, which the wealthy aunt of the monarch had purchased from a European trader as a toilet preparation for improving the complexion. The ill-starred explorer was forthwith put on his trial and sentenced to death.

His life was spared only through the energetic intervention of the captain of a man-of-war lying at anchor in the bay, who propitiated the irate aunt by the gift of half a pint of black ink.

CHEERFUL.—There has lately been opened in Brussels a cafe of new and peculiar attractions. It is known as La Mort, and its entrance is down a flight of stairs to a vault, funereal in decoration. The tables are coffin-shaped; the waiters are in monastic robes. There are various exhilarating entertainments in this charming retreat.

The visitor can look through a hole in the wall draped with black, and, by an arrangement of mirrors, see himself in a coffin. Or, again, if he can induce anyone to stand in an upright coffin, he can see the face change, by some process of lights and shades, through all the hues of approaching death, lastly that of death itself, until it seems as he were looking at a skull.

A NEW WIND MOTOR.—A new windmill is likely to be useful in many ways: for instance, in generating electricity from wind-power. It is twenty feet in diameter, and of the horizontal or turbine class; the sails, having a total area of 300 square feet, are concave screens carried by five radiating arms. A semi-circular shield, operated by the vane on the turret, controls the action of the wind on the sails. The central shaft, which is turned by the sails, is prolonged downwards to the engine or dynamo house, as may be. With a wind going sixteen miles an hour, the motor develops four horse-power.

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No. 2. From forehead back as far as bald.	No. 2. From forehead over the head to nack, No. 2.
No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.	No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. Over the crown of the head.	No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

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This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER.
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 20, '83. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA.

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A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila
I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS.
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

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